HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XIV.—No. 703.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

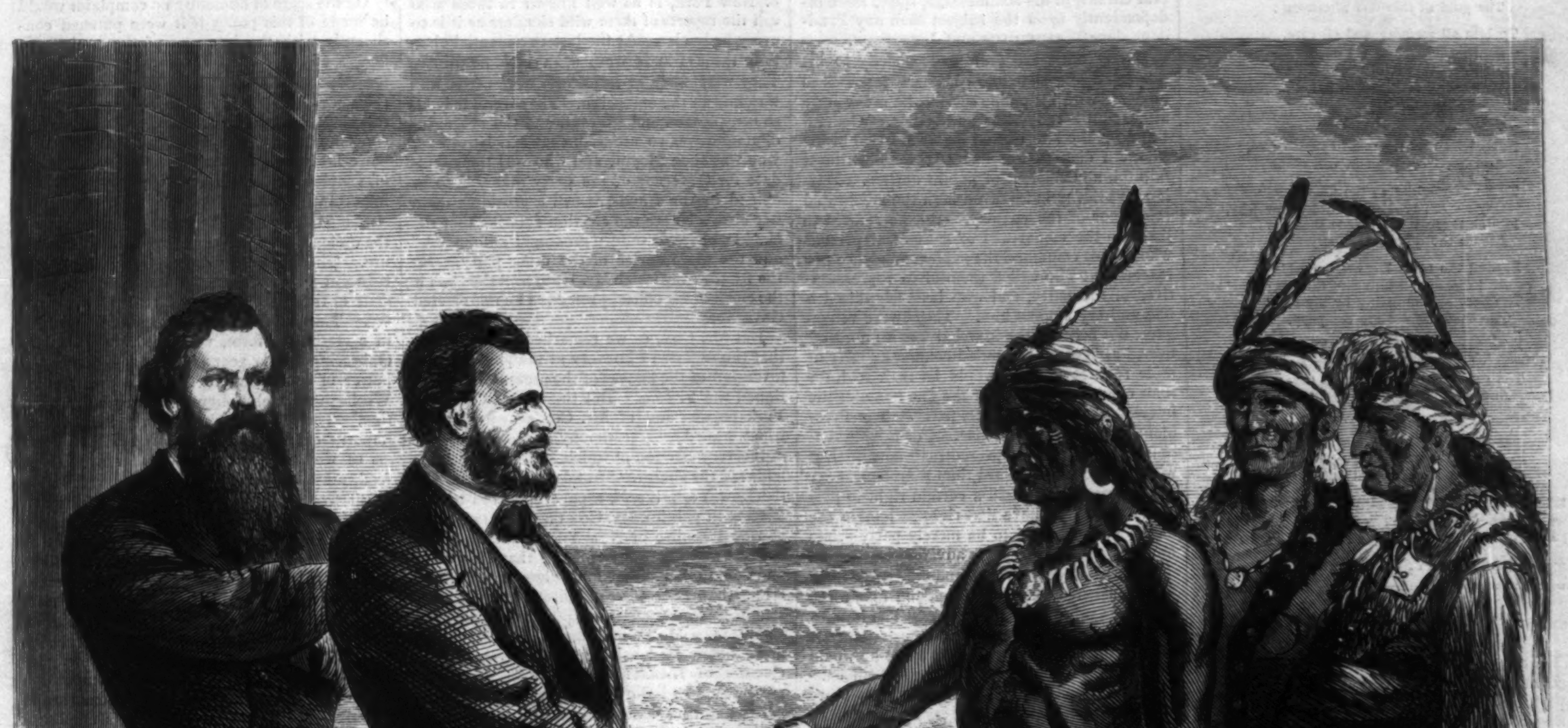
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

ON THE WAR-PATH.

On the first of the present month a motley delegation of Indians waited on Commissioner Parker, at Washington, for the purpose of conferring with him in regard to Indian affairs in the Territories of the Northwest. The English names of the principal men are Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, and Swift Bear. Red Cloud, who for more than twenty years has been the head chief of the Sioux Nation, is a man of herculean stature, six and a half feet in height, and large in proportion. Indeed there is not a small man in the delegation; but in every other respect the sight of them instantly dispels every illusion in regard to the "noble savage" which one may have received from Indian romances. Large, coarse features, prominent cheek-bones, faces painted in every imaginable style of ugliness, are the characteristics of the party. The women are particularly ugly, with pug or flat noses, wide mouths, and big feet. They are all magnificently dressed in Indian style. All wear splendid buffalo-robes, ornamented with embroidery and jewels.

The object of this visit to Washington is to obtain protection and redress. In a conversation with Commissioner Parker, Spotted Tail stated his grievances in round terms. The government, he said, does not fulfill its treaty obligations; and that supplies promised and money owed are not forthcoming at stated times; and that white men, wherever they can find many buffaloes or gold, come to the Indians' land and take the Indians' ponies and other possessions. The Commissioner promised that these grievances should be redressed, and gave the delegation some excellent advice in regard to fighting and stealing.

While the members of the delegation are enjoying the hospitalities of the government at Washington, their brethren in the West have suddenly appeared on the war-path. Colonel Morrow, who commands the military forces at



"LET US HAVE PEACE."—[Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.]

Fort Buford, Dakota Territory, communicates the information that the Indians in that vicinity have openly declared war upon their white neighbors, and that they were preparing to make an attack upon the fort in great force. The Indian warriors thereabout, who are Sioux, number from three hundred to five hundred, while Colonel Morrow had but fifty men ready for service. Yet, with even that disparity of numbers, he felt confident he could successfully resist any attack which the Indians might make, and also protect his herds of stock. He had sent out ten friendly Indians to reconnoitre, who met what was supposed to be the advance-guard of the hostile band, and were driven back.

Our illustration on page 392 shows a band of these warriors on the war-path, and is a faithful representation of the appearance they make when out for a fight. It is their practice, before starting out on one of these excursions, to tie up their ponies' tails—as a careful coachman will sometimes tie up his horses' tails in bad weather, to keep them from becoming draggled with mud. This is never done on hunting excursions, and is a sure sign of hostile intentions.

JUNE.

Why should I care to count the time?
I know the moments flee too fast,
I know the day has seen its prime,
And I shall lose it in the past.

What if the whole of happy June
Is full of just such days of bliss?
I would not have them come too soon,
I would not lose an hour of this!

The world has made me laugh and weep,
And dreams have been her only boon:
I would give *all* the world to keep
The gold of this one afternoon!

To lose all memory and all care,
And lie forever at my ease,
Fanned by this faintly scented air,
Wandering across such fields as these;

To need no more—to wish no more
Than butter-cups and columbine—
Nursed by the days that came before,
And happy, if the sun will shine;

To be as wealthy as the grass,
Gay as yon brook, and not know why,
Idle as those white clouds that pass
Across the quiet of the sky.

Beyond the town I catch the wide
And distant gleaming of the sea;
The bees are humming by my side,
The shadows are my company.

How can I wish to count the hours?
Too fast, too fast they pass away!
Too soon to-morrow will be ours,
And we shall call this yesterday.

While all the good old earth is glad,
Is gay because the June is here,
For me, I can not but be sad
To think it comes but once a year.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 18, 1870.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AND POLITICS.

If the celebrated traveler from New Zealand, or the planet Mercury, should alight at this port, he would naturally suppose that the business of the Collector is the supervision of the collection of customs, and he would probably surmise that the qualities required in that officer are honesty, energy, industry, and capacity. But we should like to hear him make that amusing suggestion in any meeting of any party committee. That the duty of the Collector of New York is the faithful collection of the revenues is a fact which is beneath even the contemptuous regard of such a body. The Collector is, in the political view, the working head of the party in the city. His real function is skillful distribution of the patronage, to the end of the continued ascendency of the party. The question in regard to him is never whether he is a faithful and efficient officer, but always whether the party thrives under his rule. The principle of appointment to the subordinate offices in his gift is neither intelligence, fitness, nor fidelity, but party service. The intelligent New Zealander would learn that there is a political ledger kept, in which accounts are opened with certain political men and interests, and that every appointment is charged accordingly. Every clerk in every department in the Custom-house represents somebody out of the Custom-house. And it is but the truth to say that, as in every other public department, the expectation is that the first consideration shall be not the public service, but the party advantage.

This is the system of our civil service. We are not blaming the Collector. He owes his position to the system, and he must do the best he can under it. So must every body else. If a man has political influence, he must use it, under a proper sense of responsibility, to secure the best appointments he can. It is no shame to a man, although it may be intolerably tedious and vexatious, to stand in the Collector's antechamber that he may presently urge the appointment of some honest and capable person. But it is a sore shame to that man if he does not do all he can to put an end to the necessity of that vexation and waste. And it is a great shame to the country that it does not authoritatively demand a radical reform in a system which, beginning in prostituting the whole civil service to party, ends in the gravest injury to the public revenue and to the national character.

Such is the ferocity of the office-seeking pressure that every body who is familiar with the subject knows how utterly impossible it is for the Collector or any other great appointing officer to master the business of his office. Secretary Cox says that a member of the Cabinet can scarcely do it. But this pressure will, and indeed ought to, continue so long as the present system is tolerated. We mean that good men must press the appointment of other good men as strenuously as unfit men are urged. But it is a disgusting business, however necessary, and decent men constantly recoil. And that is but another imperious reason for abandoning a system in which the brazen and the unprincipled have so much the better chance. It is foolish to ask the Collector, or any other officer, to correct the difficulty, for he is himself part of it. The difficulty is the system. When General Grant was inaugurated he hoped, undoubtedly, to be able to disregard it. In selecting his Cabinet he took gentlemen whom he personally knew. He was unwilling to follow the usual party precedent, and the more as he had not been a partisan, and was both unfamiliar with party tactics and ignorant of party men and relations. But he immediately found himself, as every President will find himself under the present system, powerless against the universal understanding and precedent. If he had persisted his administration would have been paralyzed before it had fairly begun. Yet General Grant, in his last message, spoke more independently upon the subject than any President since Washington and Jefferson.

If any other officer attends strictly to his duty, and refuses to allow his party interests to interfere with his public service, he is instantly attacked by the party authorities. General Barlow, the late United States Marshal of the southern district, was one of the ablest, most faithful, and efficient of public officers. During his brief term he saved both the money and the honor of the country. But he refused to listen to the commands of a score of persons who do not command the public confidence nor respect, but who called themselves representatives of the party, and who instantly raised a hue and cry against him. They swore vengeance, not because the Marshal was an unfit officer, but because he smiled contemptuously at their request that he would be their tool, for their own purposes, under the fine name of the interests of the Republican party. The President, of course, smiled also. For private reasons General Barlow presently resigned. But what can be more absurd than a system under which these persons had a certain right to protest? And they have that right so long as the offices are conceded to be merely party prizes for the promotion of party advantage.

It is this understanding, and only this, which has occasioned the late discussion about the office of Collector of New York. The Republican vote in the city and State has fallen off. If the Collector were fit for the office he would—collect the revenue economically and efficiently?—not at all; he would keep up the party majority. Off with his head, cry the managers. It is most Turkish justice. Or if he is to be supported, do the managers commend their party to public confidence by asserting the fidelity and vigor with which he has served the country? Nobody but an estray from New Zealand or the planet Mercury would ask such a question. Here is the answer: "Resolved, that in active support of the policy and measures of the President and his Cabinet no officer in charge of any subordinate department of the government has been more zealous, efficient, and faithful than the present Collector of the port of New York." In view of the real duties of a collector what a laughable resolution this is! But in view of his actual duties under our civil service system how strictly apposite it is!

So long as parties are inevitable and a party administration has an enormous patronage, we certainly do not expect it to use that patronage against itself. But the question of the civil service reform is not whether Republicans are not as fit for the offices as Democrats, or *vice versa.* It is whether the people of the country will not take the bulk of the civil service out of the party arena. It is whether our political contests shall be the conflict of principles and policies founded upon them, or a debasing squabble for the spoils. If our great danger at present is corruption, patronage is both its fruitful cause and fatal effect. We can deal the monster no blow so direct as a reform which would make such a resolution as we have quoted as ridiculous as it ought to be, but is not.

HONEST VOTING.

The vehement screaming of the Democratic leaders in Congress and elsewhere against the law for securing honest voting is very significant. "'Laws against pickpockets should be well considered,' said the gentleman in green spectacles to the philosopher. 'Sir, you speak like a man of sense,' replied the philosopher. 'I wish you a very good-morning, Sir,' said the gentleman in spectacles; and he departed with the philosopher's watch, purse, and handkerchief in his pocket." There are gentlemen in Congress who were very anxious that the law should be well considered. The interests of political pickpockets is very dear to them. Mr. Eldridge thought that the bill for preventing the cheating of honest citizens by rascals and repeaters was but another illustration of "the empire of despotism," as if there could be any despotism so hopeless as that of packed polls. Mr. Cox said that the city of New York was a Paradise, and that the reports of a little occasional unfairness in voting there were the vile inventions of an effete press. The purity of the polls in that city is evidently, in his judgment, surpassed only by the intelligence of the voters; and although he did not say so, it may fairly be inferred from the tenor of his remarks that Mr. Cox left the corruptions of Ohio and repaired to the shadow of the City Hall and the new Court-house that he might bathe his soul in the bliss of political honesty and an ideal public spirit.

If there is any subject upon which all good citizens should be agreed, it is the necessity of securing honest elections; and therefore those who uniformly resist all attempts to that end must be considered curiously indifferent to the purity of elections. One of the most obvious methods of obtaining an honest vote is to register the qualified voters. Another is to provide for the prompt and sufficient punishment of "repeating," and of all kinds of frauds at the polls. That there are such frauds, and especially in the matter of naturalization papers in the city of New York, is as well known to those who call the reports of them wild slanders as it is to every body else. At the last Presidential election these frauds were open and notorious. They were familiar to all who were active and watchful in the campaign. They were, indeed, so conspicuous and flagrant, and the public indignation was so aroused, that Mr. Hoffman, who was then Mayor, and who was the candidate for Governor of the party that was to be helped by the frauds, issued a proclamation a day or two before the election delaring that the charges of fraud were "gross and unfounded," and the mere device of the other party. By the frauds over which Mr. Hoffman thus threw the cloak of his official protection he was elected Governor.

But Mr. Cox, as we remarked, is of opinion that the reports of knavery at the polls are the invention of the knaves of the press. He mentioned the *Tribune.* But there are other New York papers, and of Mr. Cox's own politics, which have borne testimony to the corruption at the very election at which Mr. Hoffman denounced the charges of fraud as unfounded. In the New York *World*, a paper opposed to the *Tribune* in politics, Mr. Cox may read that even in this Paradise of New York, which has "a cheaper and purer government" than Rochester and some other cities, and "less taxation and crime than Boston," the editor saw "by what shameless frauds such corruptionists of the Ring as William M. Tweed and Oakey Hall cut down below its level the rightful vote of the electors of Horatio Seymour." Recently, also, we quoted the words of one of the most active and conspicuous politicians of Mr. Cox's party, a State Senator from this city, who, in his place in the Senate, remarked of Mr. Cox's political Paradise that "the election system ......has been undermined, and is as corrupt as hell." Thus the purity even of the New York city elections is not beyond suspicion. If the gentleman in green spectacles were a member of the opposition in Congress—an intolerable supposition!—he would have lustily cheered the noble sentiments of Mr. Cox. He would have loudly agreed with Mr. Brooks's statement that four-fifths of the New York merchants vote the tickets which Mr. Tweed and Mr. Hall prepare; and with Mr. Eldridge he would have denounced the despotism which would protect honest voters against rascals. "Laws against pickpockets should be very carefully considered," said the Worthy Grand Patriarch of Pocket-picking, as he rifled the philosopher's pockets.

It is said that the subject should have been left to State regulation, that Congress has no constitutional right to interfere. It is remarkable, and should be well considered by every thoughtful citizen, that any effort made by the government to secure liberty or to repress political evil-doing is always resisted upon the ground of State sovereignty. State sovereignty was pleaded to protect slavery, and it is now urged to defend the most shameless corruption at the polls. But upon the immediate subject, as a matter of fact, the question of the manner of enforcing the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, whether by the United States or the States, is one of discretion. And Congress has wisely decided that it must now interfere to secure a fair election of the members of its own houses. Meanwhile the law against stealing is only terrible to thieves. If nobody attempts to vote illegally, nobody will suffer. If any body does attempt it, we hope that he will suffer all the penalties prescribed. And if it is despotism to defend honest voters against swindlers, then that kind of despotism is a very excellent thing, and the more there is of it the better.

FOREIGN DEMAND FOR OUR GRAIN.

Mr. H. Kains Jackson is once more out in the London *Times* to check the advance in wheat, which he concedes has risen "contrary to his expectations." He thinks, however, that the causes which produced the advance are "likely to disappear whenever the season becomes normally genial." As he furnishes the "key-note" to the dealers in grain throughout England, his opinions are worthy of consideration at home and abroad.

So far as the countries are concerned from which England obtains her supplies, it can not be supposed that Mr. Jackson treats them otherwise than as the appropriate contributors to English interests; but yet his opinions are circulated far and wide, and are adopted by dealers in exporting communities as if they were uttered for their advantage. The object of these frequent publications is to produce a public opinion in England and elsewhere, so defined and general that it will enable the English to procure wheat at their own rates. They are stimulated to this by a great necessity. In the competition with the Continent in manufacturing industry, they have the disadvantage of a more condensed population relatively to the land appropriated to the cereals than most of the Continental states, and they must oppress their own laborers unless they can be supplied with cheap food. The demand of cotton spinners and weavers for an advance in wages is now met with the answer that it is unreasonable because they have the advantage of cheap bread.

On the score of humanity no complaint would be made of this policy if it were pursued consistently with the interests of the grain producers of the United States; but as the latter have not been receiving a remunerative price for grain, it is not to be expected that this shall be continued. Every season we are confronted with a determined, general, and powerful interest proceeding from the dealers of London and Liverpool to press down this important interest.

We have, from time to time, shown what are the difficulties in the way of meeting this pressure. The English employ their consular establishment to obtain precise information of the state of the crops in every wheat-growing country. This information is presented in London in a statistical form, with comparative tables embracing former years, so that at a glance the power of each state to export is ascertained. We have no such policy and no such information. The English also, from a necessity to import from eighty to a hundred million bushels of wheat, in addition to other articles of food, amounting in value in the aggregate to about five or six hundred millions of dollars, spread their agents over the whole world, so that the knowledge may be minute and specific of the quantity and value of the world's production. We have a few branch houses in countries which produce tea, coffee, sugar, rice, hemp, etc., and at great commercial centres, but have no means to arrive with the precision of the English at the quantity of those staples which are produced and sold in competition with us. We can not meet the systematic and effective course of dealing which is employed against us. At one time purchases are made of wheat in San Francisco and neglected in New York, and *vice versa.* Then both are left, and either the Black Sea, the Baltic, or Egypt becomes the theatre of operations. The three or four hundred vessels which are constantly converging from all the four quarters of the universe to England are consigned by those who know and appreciate the views of H. Kains Jackson, and of the powerful interests which he represents and advances. We have, from time to time, urged upon Congress and the Administration that our consular establishment shall be Americanized, and charged with the special duties which the English devolve upon this class of officers; but, although Mr. Sargent, of California, introduced a bill for this purpose, it seems not to have been pressed toward its passage. It may be, as we are reveling in the luxury of abundant supplies of food, that we can afford to be neglectful of the means which enable us to make the most of them; but with the heavy burden of taxation which the country bears, it must soon become necessary that we shall not waste our resources.

Although supplies of wheat are expected from other quarters, yet there is more than common reliance upon the United States. "Combined with Canada," Mr. Jackson says, "and Pacific ports (California has shipped over one million quarters since July 1) America seems able to forward all the wheat and flour we require between this date and harvest, and without present rates advancing." The advance in wheat at San Francisco, due to drought, has already disturbed these expectations. The region along the Pacific coast is less affected than the interior, owing, it is said, to the influence of sea fogs; but it is admitted that the crops will be very light. The farmers are not bringing in grain, from some apprehension as to the results of the season.

It will have been noticed that more than a usual number of vessels partly loaded with grain and flour for sea-ports in various parts of the continent of Europe have lately sailed from New York, which give force to what Mr. Jackson states as to the injurious effect of a late and unfavorable spring in parts of Europe upon the growing crops. The same influence has prevailed in England, and although the districts from which Europe obtains her supplies are numerous and extensive, many of them unknown in this country, except from the English, it seems probable that the advance in price, both in England and here, will be maintained. The rapidity of dealing is remarkable. On the 2d of June an English agent in New York, after the close of business hours in Liverpool, received an order to purchase a parcel of old and sound spring wheat which he had been watching for some time, and before the day was over all the transactions relating to it, including the sale of the exchange drawn to pay for it, had been concluded and announced to the house abroad.

Mr. Jackson gives the price of wheat for several successive months, per quarter of eight bushels, as follows: September, 50*s.* 8*d.*; October, 47*s.* 6*d.*; November, 46*s.* 4*d.*; December, 43*s.* 10*d.*; January, 43*s.* 8*d.*; February, 41*s.* 3*d.*; March, 41*s.* 6*d.*; April, 42*s.* 7*d.*; May 12th, 43*s.* 3*d.*; and he adds, "The next gazette average is likely to be 44*s.*" There is a remarkable coincidence between these fluctuations and those which attended our gold market. Leaving out of view the price 162½, accomplished momentarily during the raid in September, we give the highest and lowest rates during several successive months:

1869.		1870.	
September..135	to 133⅝	January....122⅞	to 119⅜
October....131⅜	to 128¼	February...121⅛	to 115¼
November..128⅜	to 122	March......115⅞	to 110⅜
December...123⅞	to 119⅝	April.......111⅛	to 115⅜
		May........113¾	to 115⅜

The pressure to sell gold commenced in September, at about the period when our exports of grain commence. As they are paid for in gold, which the seller immediately turns into currency, the difference between the September and the March price of gold constituted the measure of loss of those who are engaged in purchasing grain in the interior, and selling it at the sea-board. When the sales of gold had become weak, and the price turned upward, wheat advanced in this market from the strength communicated to our dealers; and it advanced also abroad—the latter due, in part, to unfavorable weather. The prospect is, that owing to the fact that our productions will be required at a remunerative rate, the trade and industry of the country will stand on a much improved basis.

PUTTY.

It is not pleasant to read such an article as that which lately appeared in the London *Spectator* exposing the action of the "Erie" management, with the complicity of the Legislature and of Governor Hoffman. That the Governor of the State of New York should be represented by a leading foreign journal, friendly to this country, as the tool of a Ring, and that every American familiar with the facts should feel that the charge is probably not unfounded, is one of the sorest humiliations that could befall us. The alternative was offered to Governor Hoffman of becoming putty in the hands of a powerful and unscrupulous Ring, of which the political managers who had made him were important members, or of becoming, with the support of all honest men, a rod of iron to break it. He chose to be putty; and thus verified the words of the *Spectator* that the Erie Ring had "bought up" the State. It is an instructive fact that this gentleman is the "coming man" of the party of which Jefferson Davis, Alexander H. Stephens, Robert Toombs, Judah Benjamin, and Louis Wigfall are the going men, or what the boys call the "goners."

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

By JOHN JONES, A.M.

Since the exhibition opened we have had the election of officers in the Academy, and, to the great surprise of many, the revolution was not successful. The reformers were very confident, and we all went to the ballot in high excitement. The vote was very close, and we watched the counting with profound interest. There was no election at the first trial, which only made matters more interesting; and we went on to the fifth ballot, I think, before Mr. Gray was declared elected by a majority of two or three out of nearly sixty votes. The result was received quietly, although we all knew how some of our respected brethren were loudly huzzaing, and others savagely cursing, inwardly. I say cursing, metaphorically, for artists do not swear, although I have sometimes heard them affirm.

We shall now probably remain quiet for another year. The council is supposed to be of reforming tendencies, but the action of the Academicians is very significant. Those who voted against Mr. Page were moved by no personal feeling whatever, for I believe we are all agreed in liking him personally, and in honoring his genius and devotion to his art. But he was understood to be the representative of a policy of censure upon the general conduct of affairs, and his defeat, therefore, means only a disapproval of that policy. So I think that we shall not see any very violent departures from the traditions of the Academy during the next year. For my part, I am glad that the gentleman who annually scalped us in the *Tribune* is now abroad, for I don't know what consequences the result of the election might have produced upon his mind. My impression is that we shall have a ricochet shot across the Atlantic when he hears what has occurred. But meanwhile I will continue my remarks upon the pictures.

Over the "Little Stranger" of Mr. Guy, which I have already mentioned, hangs Mr. Carpenter's careful and most interesting portrait of Alice Cary. It has a pathetic attraction which certifies the fidelity both of the likeness and of the feeling with which it is painted. I think there is no portrait in the Gallery which will hold the eye longer and touch the heart more deeply than this. Besides, there is a simplicity and modesty and honesty in the work which suggest a very pleasant impression of the artist, and one delightfully different from the sensational schools. I am glad that there is so much superior talent and excellence of execution among my fellow-artists that we are not obliged to make Mr. Carpenter an Academician. Otherwise, comparing his annual work with that of some of the N.A.'s, I should be surprised that a man who painted the portrait of Mr. Greeley last year and of Miss Cary this year is still only an Associate. Mr. Carpenter is not an Academician, and his portrait is not upon the line, while in the next room—well, I mean that in the next room there is a portrait upon the line by a nameless somebody who is an N.A., and I beg you to look at it and share my wonder. I say a nameless somebody because I wish to imitate posterity in regard to that painter. I confess that I don't see why Carpenter is not an N.A. as well as some of the rest of us.

What characteristic pictures of Kensett's are "The Meadows at Cold Spring" and "Narraganset," in the south room! His best things always recall to my mind that line of Tennyson's, "The tender grace of a day that is dead;" not that there is any thing sentimental in them, for there is not; but they have the pathos of intense tranquillity, a summer hush, a sweep of delicate but firm outline, a calm, deep sweetness. I don't suppose that he aims at poetic effects, as they are called; but there have been no more perfect poems upon our walls than many of his pictures. Cole, I think, used to try to paint poetry, and it seems to me that he failed. His romance was sophomoric. It was suggested, not by sentiment, but by the stock-properties of romance—a castle, a knight on horseback, a youth in a boat with a good genius attending. He imitated imagination, while he undoubtedly had what I have heard called "a beautiful eye for color." I suppose it is a kind of test of the G. P. R. James genius that it sees poetry in old armor, and not in old clothes. That seems to it a romantic hero who swears "by'r lady," or "by my halidome," pronounced always "bee mee halidome;" but a hero in the next house and in the last fashion it is not easy for it to perceive.

There is a great deal of this James genius among us artists. We are very fond of trying to make a sentimental suggestion stand for poetry. Shall I say, for instance, "Nothing but Leaves," a little picture in this same room? The shop-windows are full of specimens of engravings in which this James tendency is paramount. The most favorite form at present is some picture of a cross in a stormy sea—the idea of which is really cribbed from Doré's "Deluge." In poetry we have the same thing in the Sunday-school hymns, which are nauseously sentimental. But I must not speak of them, or I shall never get back to the pictures. Kensett is a most faithful observer, and a most patient student. I used to smile when the *Tribune* descended upon him as a scumbler and shirker, who ought to go into the country and study nature; for I remember when I saw him in Rome how carefully and conscientiously he passed the day before a mullein or a dock plant, and worked away at it until he had fully mastered it. I feel that same conscience in every part of his pictures now; and the result is a fresh, healthful representation so faithful that the very sentiment of the scene is there. Refinement in natural form is most alluring to him, and his pictures, therefore, are of tranquil effects. They are called cool and silvery, but that, I suppose, is temperament. It is very much as Tennyson is called finical and exquisite. Then I hear regrets that there is a certain monotony. But where there is a characteristic talent, to complain of monotony is to complain of individuality. It is to complain that a man is himself. Among the flowers in my studio there is a tea-rose; but I don't find it monotonous, although it never puts out tulips. *Non omnia omnes.* We can't all do every thing. Kensett paints Kensetts, and we have no right to expect Bierstadts and Innesses from him. On the other hand, I—as the public well knows—paint tremendous battle pieces; and he will be very much mistaken who expects to find me painting a lily with La Farge or an autumn glade with M'Entee.

Of Mr. Bierstadt's "Sierra Nevada Mountains" I can say nothing pleasant. It looks like an extravagant drop-scene seen through the wrong end of a spy-glass. My fellow-Academician ought to remember that by exhibiting every year we submit ourselves to the severest ordeal. If we make an impression one year and carry off the honors, every following season we must justify the effect we have produced, or we shall suffer. We can not succeed upon past successes. If a man, for instance, delivers a popular lecture this year, he will probably be asked again next year. But if he is very stupid then, he will hardly be summoned the third time. The same fate awaits us at the Exhibition. There is nothing more pathetic than looking at the works of the men who used to paint well, or who promised finely but have never performed. If Mr. Bierstadt had always painted works like this his name would not have its honorable reputation. If he continues to do this kind of work, what will become of that reputation? Mr. Church's "After Glow" is one of the studies of light and atmospheric effect of which he is so fond. It is necessarily momentary, and in this instance almost grotesque. It shows the skill and observation of the artist, but it is not a very pleasing picture, nor is there the sentiment in it which seems to be implied. I wonder why it reminds me of the peaches I found in Marseilles, which were very large and blooming and handsome, but without flavor? They were the mere forms of peaches; peaches de-peached, if a National Academician may indulge in such an expression; and if he may not, I do it in my other capacity of A.M. But it is interesting to observe the skill in this picture; and after his long wanderings in tropical effects, I should like to see Mr. Church trying his hand upon some of the familiar aspects of our own nature, with which he began. He has so much knowledge and such skill that the result would be delightful.

We all miss many of the most familiar names this year. Eastman Johnson, Thomas Hicks, Regis Gignoux, are among the absentees, and so is Thomas C. Farrar, who for some time represented the pre-Raphaelites, and who was regarded by the rest of us very much as the Anabaptists were by the Church. Mr. Farrar is now in Europe, studying and painting diligently; and some of his works during the last year which I have seen seem to me to show both positive progress, and also the value of that stern drill in drawing to which he subjected himself. When he returns, I am disposed to think that he will assert his claims to consideration in a very decided manner. The Anabaptists of this year are Mr. Charles H. Moore and Mr. Wilford Linsly—at least, I have remarked them. There may be others, for whom I will look. I can not see nature as they do; but I can see their sincerity and patience and care. But their works seem to me to be as yet studies merely. If they are in the right course, they have not yet gone far enough to prove it. I am sure that I feel all the conscience in their work; but do they see atmosphere, gradation, harmony, in it? And are there not such qualities in nature? Unquestionably a landscape is an aggregate of details; but is that fact perceived as you survey it, and can you elaborately give the details without losing the landscape? In Mr. Farrar's larger pictures I always felt the want of proportion within the conditions of the art. I mean merely, that as the possibility of the exact imitation of any natural object is various, as you may imitate some more successfully than others, that which you can imitate least must be the keynote of the whole. We can imitate, for instance, the texture of the white wristband much more perfectly than that of the skin of the hand. Therefore, I should say, we must not do each as well as we can—for that would be sure to result in want of harmony—but we must do each with a full consciousness of the conditions, so as to reproduce the relation and proportion of the facts. I don't believe that I make myself understood; but if the artists of whom I am speaking perceive what I am trying to say, I shall be satisfied. And, meanwhile, if those who laugh at these works only wait until they can draw as well, the room will be very quiet for a long time.

Mr. R. Swain Gifford has given us some fresh and fine effects of Pacific coast scenery in "Mount Hood and the Dalles," and the "Desert near Corinne, Utah." He shows a very marked improvement, and he will certainly use to the utmost every opportunity of his European visit. Mr. Cranch, too, gives us a lovely glimpse of woods, and another glance at Venice; and there is a promising little sketch of autumn marshes by Miss F. Eliot. I should be very glad if Mr. W. A. Gay, of Boston, would again show us some of his tender and beautiful pictures of the salt marshes in that neighborhood. Mr. Gay studied with Troyon in Paris, and can do most excellent things. For some reason he has deserted us. But Brother Gay should remember that we are a "National" Academy, and that really good pictures can nowhere be exhibited to such advantage as upon our walls: as he lives near Boston I will not say our metropolitan walls. But I beg him to try them again. We all wish to do better every year. And we shall do so if he will come once more.

GOLDWIN SMITH AND DISRAELI.

Those who think Mr. Goldwin Smith unduly sensitive in taking notice of Mr. Disraeli's sneer in "Lothair," should reflect that the attack upon him is most indecent; for it is an aspersion of his personal character. That is something of which the thousands of the English and American readers of "Lothair" can know nothing, and they will naturally suppose that a person in the position of a gentleman like Mr. Disraeli would not say of a political opponent that he was a drunkard, nor a profane swearer, nor an atheist, nor, as in this case, "a social parasite," without knowing it to be true. And if Goldwin Smith and his friends suffered such an assertion, made by Mr. Disraeli over his own name, to pass unchallenged, it would be fairly inferred that there was good reason for the charge. If Mr. Dickens, in his "Edwin Drood," should say that a distinguished American historian, who went to Europe as the Minister of his country, was given to cheating at cards, would it be unwise for Mr. Motley to call him to account? Nor can Mr. Disraeli plead that "Lothair" is a work of fiction, and that he does not mention Professor Smith's name any more than Mr. Dickens could do so in the case we suppose. Every honorable man will understand Professor Smith's feeling.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 31.—A bill was introduced in the Senate by Mr. Chandler for the encouragement of ship-building. It provides for refunding to builders of iron vessels by the government a sum of money equal to the amount of duties paid on materials used in their construction; also for American registers of vessels purchased abroad for three years after the bill is passed.—In the House, the bill for the revival of American commerce was acted upon, after another exciting discussion. Votes were taken on the several amendments, and then the bill as amended was refused a third reading.

June 1.—The Senate considered and passed the bill to change the judicial circuits, and then went into executive session on the Sandwich Islands treaty, which they rejected by a vote of 20 to 19.—In the House, Mr. Butler asked consent to introduce his joint resolution to annex San Domingo, but Mr. Brooks, as usual, objected. The House debated at length the bill to reduce internal taxes, and an interesting discussion was had upon the proposal to abolish the income tax.

June 2.—The Senate took up the Franking bill, but a general indisposition to discuss the subject was manifested, and the bill was laid aside. The greater part of the day was consumed in considering the Indian Appropriation bill.—The House was mainly engaged in discussing the income tax. The debate was long and exciting.

June 3.—In the Senate, Mr. Kellogg reported a resolution for the appointment of a committee to consider the subject of redeeming the lands on the Lower Mississippi from overflow, which was adopted. The reported massacre of the Jews by the fanatics of Roumania was made the subject of inquiry and debate. The Senate then discussed the Indian Appropriation bill to the hour of adjournment.—In the House the Roumania massacre was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The Income Tax bill was then taken up, and the various amendments were considered. Amendments were adopted reducing the rate to 3 per cent., increasing the exemption to $2000, limiting the allowance for house rent to $500, and prohibiting the publication of the income returns. An amendment providing that the income tax shall not be collected beyond 1870 was rejected.

June 4.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced to aid the construction of the Texas International Pacific Railroad, and the Indian Appropriation bill was considered.—In the House, the bill reducing taxation was taken up. Mr. Schenck reported as an amendment his amended Tariff bill; the House seconded the previous question, but the filibustering of the minority prevented a vote being taken.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Secretary Boutwell's monthly statement of the national debt makes the decrease during the month of May $14,301,962. The total amount of the debt, less amount in the Treasury, is $2,406,562,371.

All is quiet on the border. The discomfited Fenians are getting home as fast as funds can be raised to defray their expenses, and the few who still linger in the border towns are living upon the generosity of the citizens.

On the 31st ult. President Grant sent a secret message to the Senate, proposing amendments to the San Domingo Treaty and extending the time for the exchange of ratifications to July 1.

The bill to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment was signed by the President on the 31st ult.

At a recent session of the Cabinet it was decided to make vigorous prosecution of the Fenian leaders who were captured by the United States marshals while in open violation of our neutrality laws.

The corner-stone of the monument to the Revolutionary hero, Baron Steuben, in the town of Steuben, New York, was laid on the 1st inst. with great ceremony.

Whittemore, of South Carolina, has been re-elected to Congress by about 8000 majority.

FOREIGN NEWS.

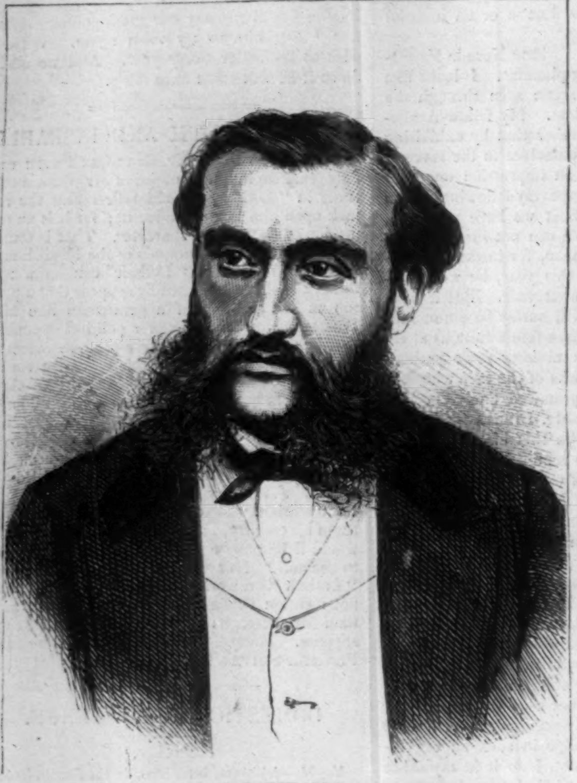
The latest news from Cuba is unfavorable to the insurgents. The expedition which left this city some weeks ago on the steamer *George B. Upton* has been captured. The *Upton* landed the men, arms, and ammunition at Punta Brava, a few miles east of Nuevitas, and then steamed away to South America to procure a reinforcement of Colombians. The Americans who had been left in charge of the stores were attacked by the Spaniards, and were nearly all killed or captured. Those taken prisoners were afterward executed. A steam launch, six tons of gunpowder, 2000 rifles, 100,000 cartridges, and a large quantity of medicines, fell into the hands of the Spaniards. Oscar Cespedes, son of President Cespedes, was recently captured by the Spaniards, and was executed on the 29th ult. at Puerto Principe.

It is stated that the dogma of infallibility will be promulgated on the 29th inst. During a recent discussion of the dogma a violent scene is said to have occurred between the Gallican Bishop Maret and Cardinal Bilio, in which bitter retorts were made, causing great excitement among the Fathers.

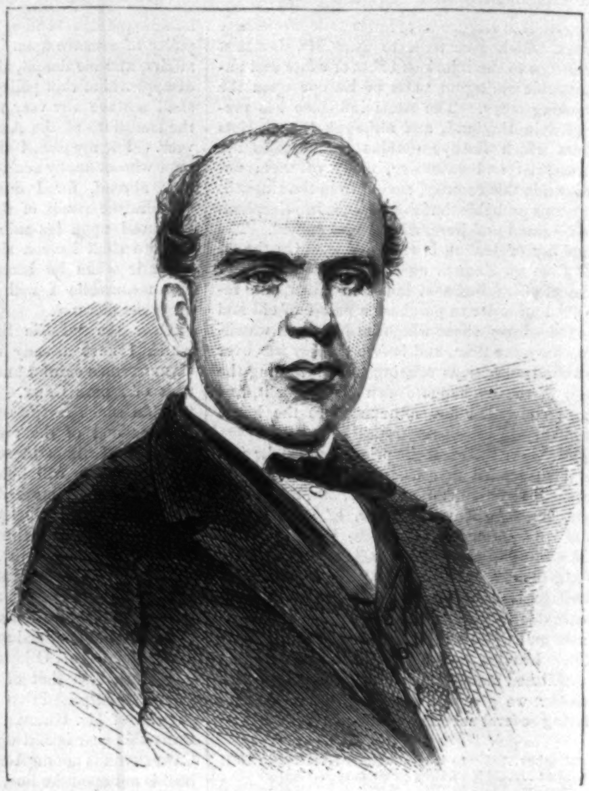
There are rumors of a wide-spread conspiracy in Italy, instigated and supported by Republican refugees on the Swiss border.

The French government has released many of the prisoners charged with complicity in the regicide conspiracy.

Prussia is about to absorb the little Duchy of Lauenburg, which has an area of 455 square miles, and about 50,000 inhabitants.



A. P. RUDOLPH.



CYRILLE DION.

THE DIAMOND CUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

On the evening of the 31st ult. the most popular of indoor games was played at the New York Hippotheatron, by two of the best professional players in this country—Mr. A. P. **Rudolph**, of New York, and Mr. **Cyrille Dion**, of Montreal, whose portraits are given on this page. The contest was for the Championship, Diamond Cue, and $1000. The cue was won by **Deery** at the tournament in April, 1869, when **Rudolph** came off third best, beating every body but **Deery** and **Foster**. **Dion** first contested **Deery** for the cue, but the latter was victorious, and held his title till **Rudolph** won it from him last March in San Francisco. The defeated party has the right to challenge the victor after the expiration of ten days; but **Dion** waited, before trying his fortune again, until the cue had changed hands. This was his second attempt to entitle himself the champion billiard-player of America. The game was the common four-ball carrom, played on a Phelan & Collender full-size table (under the new measurement 5½ feet by 11 feet), 1500 points up, counting three points for every carrom—push and crotch barred. The table was located in the centre of the ring, on a temporary platform, and at a convenient distance from the spectators in the raised seats surrounding the inclosure.

The contest was very spirited and close, and the playing superb on both sides. The sympathy of the audience appeared to be largely interested in the success of Mr. **Dion**; and it is not a creditable fact that constant attempts to annoy and irritate his antagonist were made by the friends of the former. Mr. **Rudolph** maintained the most perfect mental equilibrium during the whole contest, allowing nothing to throw him off his guard, and playing the exhausting game through to the end without once resorting to the aid of stimulants. He won by 15 points. The following is the score in full:

Rudolph.—0, 0, 39, 27, 6, 0, 3, 57, 0, 1, 111, 9, 3, 6, 3, 66, 6, 81, 66, 106, 12, 3, 0, 3, 19, 3, 54, 3, 3, 0, 9, 1, 78, 24, 1, 0, 6, 9, 3, 1, 48, 117, 153, 81, 123, 4, 3, 0, 3, 9, 12, 45, 18, 30, 29.

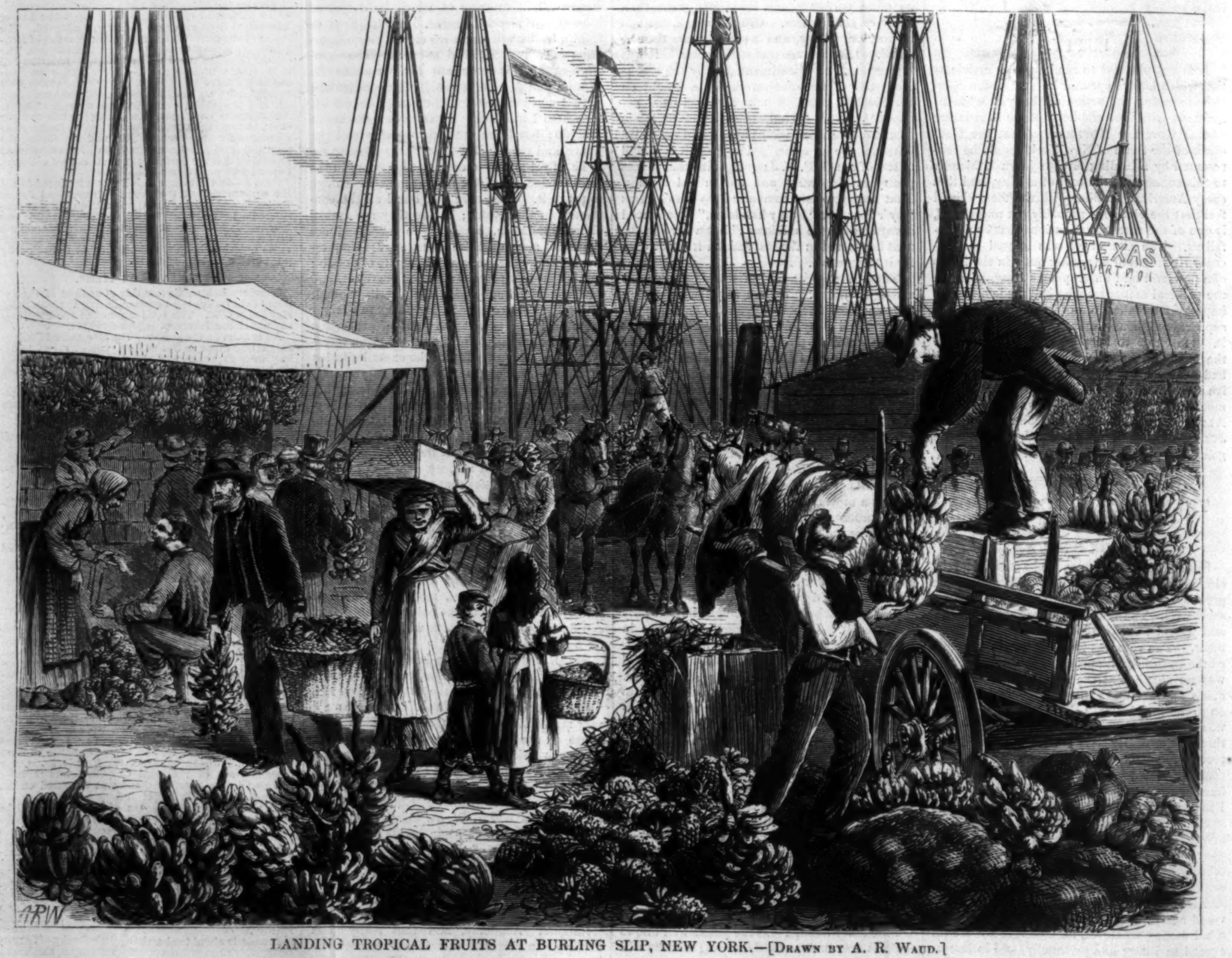
Dion.—0, 0, 3, 18, 40, 3, 7, 1, 10, 6, 8, 3, 3, 3, 6, 3, 6, 3, 51, 34, 1, 30, 177, 3, 30, 84, 0, 33, 9, 75, 16, 10, 54, 6, 9, 90, 48, 108, 0, 138, 12, 0, 3, 57, 0, 15, 48, 18, 0, 3, 36, 0, 15, 150.

Rudolph	1500	Rudolph's best run	153
Dion	1485	Dion's best run	177
Rudolph's average	27¼	Dion's average	27

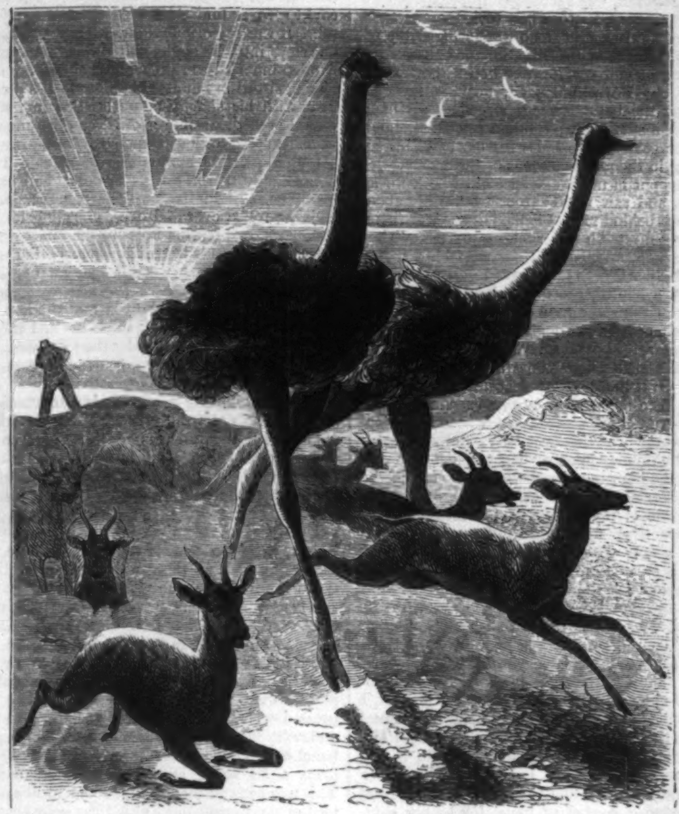
This was by far the most exciting and most closely contested game of billiards ever played in this city; and though Mr. **Rudolph** retains the Diamond Cue, so honorably won in two contests, it is apparent that there is little difference between his playing and that of Mr. **Dion**. Both appear to be equally masters of the game.

DUST AND DISEASE.

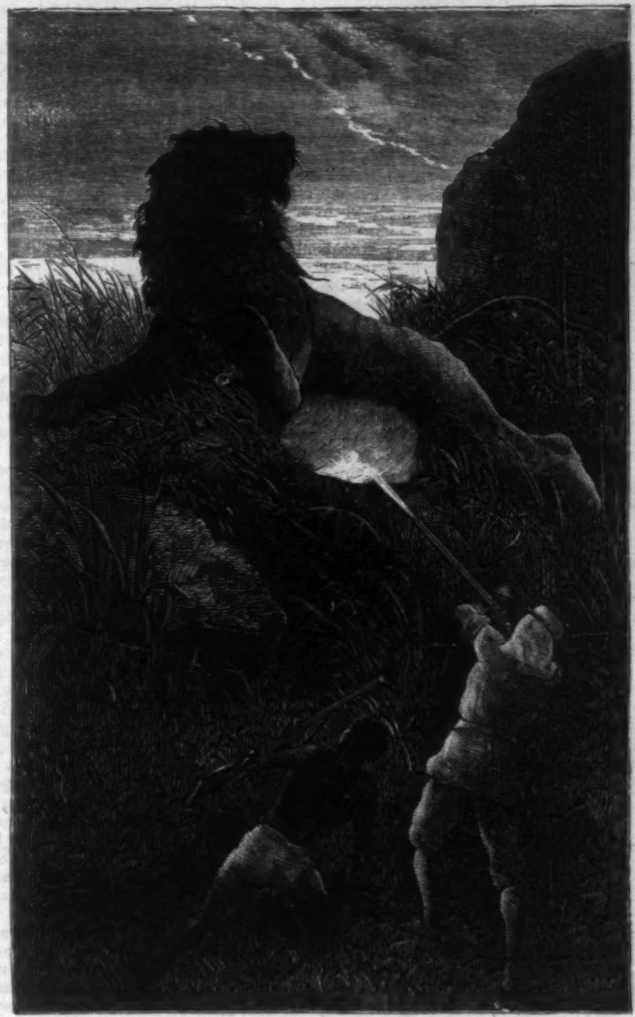
It was long believed that epidemic diseases were propagated by malaria, which consisted of organic matter in a state of motor-decay; that when such matter was taken into the body, through the lungs or the skin, it had the power of spreading in it a similar decay—yeast was a case in point. Why should not a bit of malarious matter operate in the body as a little leaven, leavening the whole lump? The air of all large cities is filled with organic dust, which only needs a sufficiently powerful beam of light, striking into a darkened room, to make the air appear as a semi-solid rather than a gas. This all-pervading dust is extremely injurious to health. Dr. **Tyndall**, of London, has invented a simple respirator—a handful of cotton wool—with which some interesting experiments may be made. Empty the lungs as far as possible, and then inhale a deep breath through a little cotton wool held against the mouth, and on breathing out this air, through a tube, it cuts a black line through the sunbeam, showing that the air is perfectly free from particles of dust. The cotton wool has completely intercepted the floating matter on its way to the lungs; and as no dust was inhaled, none was exhaled. Here, then, is the philosophy of an instinctive habit of medical men. In a contagious atmosphere the physician puts his handkerchief to his mouth, and inhales through it: in so doing he keeps back the floating germs. If the poison were a gas it could not be thus intercepted. But cotton wool is the best and surest filter, and a physician who wants to hold back from the lungs of his patient, or from his own lungs, the germs by which contagious disease is said to be propagated, will employ a cotton wool respirator. Such respirators should come into general use as a defense against contagion. In crowded dwellings, where the isolation of the sick is difficult, if not impossible, the noxious air around the patient may by this simple means be restored to practical purity. Thus filtered, attendants may breathe the air unharmed. In all probability the protection of the lungs will be the protection of the entire system. For it is exceedingly probable that the germs which lodge in the air-passages, and which, at their leisure, can work their way across the mucous membrane, are those which sow in the body epidemic disease. If this be so, then disease can certainly be warded off by filters of cotton wool.



LANDING TROPICAL FRUITS AT BURLING SLIP, NEW YORK.—[Drawn by A. R. Waud.]



GAME RETURNING FROM THE RIVER.



CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A LION.

Travel and Adventure,

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TO THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

By Sir Samuel Baker.

CHAPTER VII.

Alarming News.—"The Basé."—Hatred Inspired by them.—Uncertainty of their Origin.—Their Type.—We shun their Territory.—The Watch.—We surprise a Rhinoceros.—Value of the Rhinoceros, Hide, and Horns.—Small Birds.—Cunning of the Crocodile.

We returned to camp late in the evening, and I found the howartis had secured the crocodile of yesterday; but the whole camp was anxious to return to the camp at Delladilla, as unpleasant reports were brought into our camp by spies, who had seen parties of the Basé in several directions.

When, wishing to explore the Settite, which traverses the country of the Basé, I had endeavored to procure all the information possible concerning this province, I had received but one answer—that it was a wild and ferocious country, inhabited by a ferocious race, whose hand was against every man, and who, in return, were the enemies of all by whom they were surrounded; nevertheless, safe in their mountain strong-hold, they defied all adversaries.

The Basé is a portion of Abyssinia, but the origin of the tribe that occupies this ineradicable hornet's nest is unknown. Whether they are the remnant of the original Ethiopians, who possessed the country prior to the conquests of the Abyssinians, or whether they are descended from the woolly haired tribes of the south banks of the Blue Nile, is equally a mystery; all we know is that they are of the same type as the inhabitants of Fazoglé, of the upper portion of the Blue River; they are exceedingly black, with woolly hair, resembling in that respect the negro, but without the flat nose or prognathous jaw. No quarter is given on either side should the Basé meet the Arabs, with whom war is to the knife. In spite of the overwhelming superiority of their adversaries, the Basé can not be positively subdued; armed with the lance as their only weapon, but depending upon extreme agility and the natural difficulties of their mountain passes, the attack of the Basé is always by stealth; their spies are ever prowling about unseen, like the leopard, and their onset is invariably a surprise; success or defeat is alike followed by a rapid retreat to their mountains.

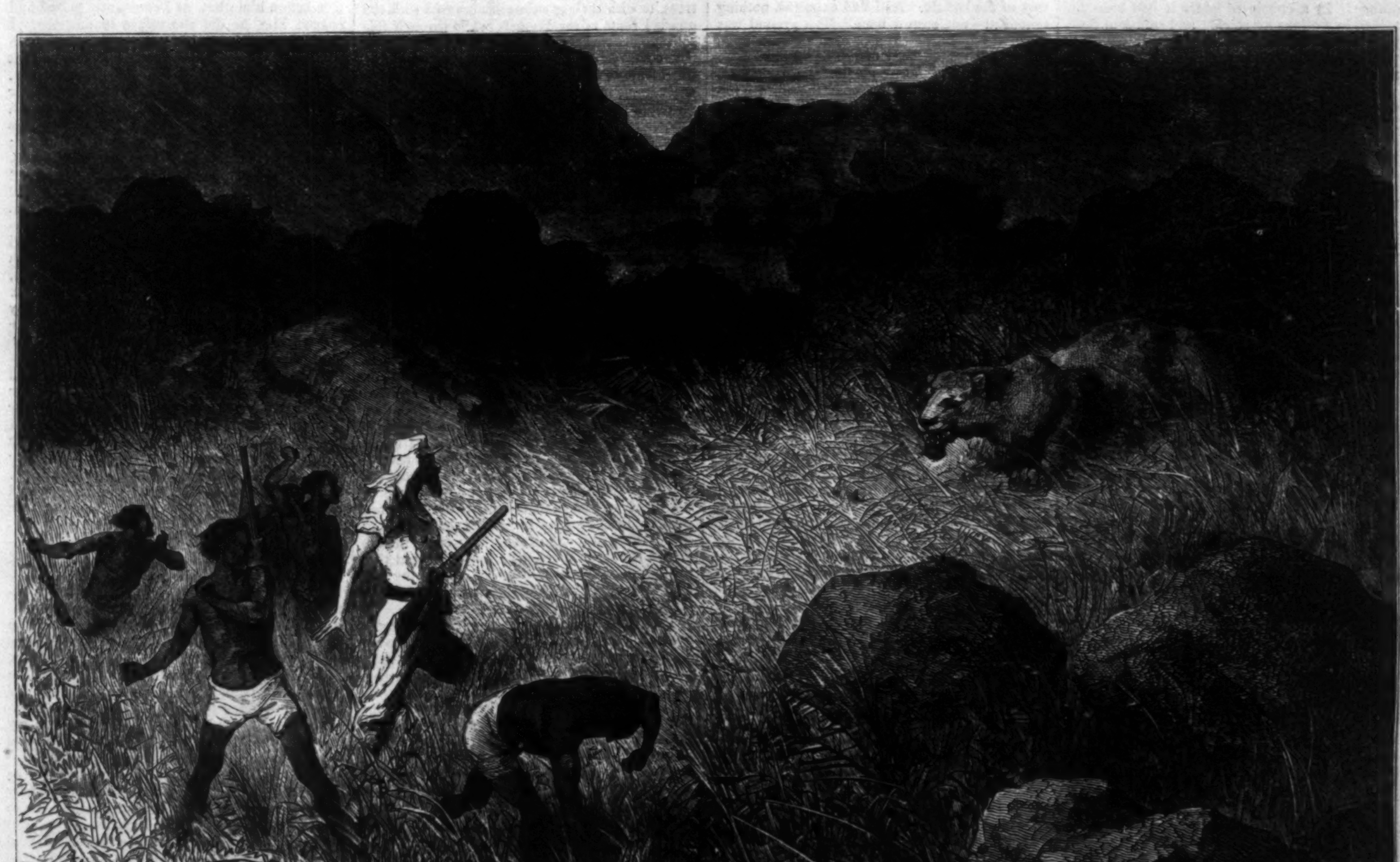
As there is nothing to be obtained by the plunder of the Basé but women and children as slaves, the country is generally avoided, unless visited for the express purpose of a slave razzia. In this case no quarter is given on either side: it is war to the death.

My aggageers certainly were not afraid of the Basé. Had it been necessary to attack legions of them, Abou Do, Taher Noor, and Suleiman would have fallen upon them, sword in hand, with real joy; but the rest of the band were greatly disturbed. The Tokrooris themselves, though brave enough in some respects, were far from tranquil.

As I had almost finished the explorations I intended to make in these parts, it was decided that we should break up the camp in a few days and return to our previous bivouac. This sufficed to calm the anxiety.

Before my departure I made up my mind to have one more day's hunting in the neighborhood.

Within three hundred yards of the camp was a regular game path, by which the animals arrived at the river to drink every morning from seven to nine. I had shot several tétel and ariel by simply waiting behind a rock at this place. I once more concealed myself, and was shortly rewarded by the arrival of several herds, including nellut (*A. Strepsiceros*), tétel (*A. Bubalis*), ariel



THE DYING LIONESS.

(*G. Dama*), the black striped gazelle (*G. Dorcas*), the small oterop (*Calotragus Montanus*); and, among these, two ostriches. I had seen very few ostriches in this country. I now had a good chance, as the herd of animals returned from drinking, by charging at full speed up the steep bank from the water, and they passed about ninety yards from my hiding-place, headed by the ostriches. Having the little Fletcher, I was suddenly tempted to fire a right and left, so as to bag an ostrich with one barrel, and a tétel with the other. Both fell for an instant; the tétel dead, shot through the neck; but my ostrich, that was a fine cock bird, immediately recovered, and went off with his wife as hard as their long legs could carry them. I was exceedingly disgusted. I had evidently fired too far behind, not having allowed sufficiently for the rapidity of their speed. However, to make amends, I snatched a spare single-rifle from one of the men, and knocked over another tétel that was the last of the herd. For about an hour I attempted to follow up the tracks of the ostrich, but among the rocky hills this was impossible. I therefore mounted Aggahr, and with my tracker, Taher Noor, and the Tokrooris as gun-bearers, I crossed the river and rode straight into the interior of the country. This was now thoroughly clear, as the fire had consumed the grass, and had left the surface perfectly black. Upon the ashes the track of every animal could be seen distinctly.

I had ridden about four miles, followed, as usual, by two camels with water, ropes, etc., when we observed, in a perfectly open place, about three hundred yards from us, a rhinoceros standing alone. Fortunately, there was little or no wind, or, as we were to windward of him, he would instantly have perceived us. The moment that I saw him I backed my horse and motioned to my people to retreat out of sight, which they did immediately. Dismounting, I gave them the horse, and, accompanied only by Taher Noor, I set to work to track the animal; and perceiving him beneath a tree within five-and-thirty paces, took a steady shot behind the shoulder. The instant that I fired he whisked sharply round, and looked upon all sides for the cause of his wound. I saw that he was grievously wounded, as he walked slowly; and upon arrival at a thickly spreading mimosa he laid down. We now advanced toward the tree, and I sent Taher Noor round to the other side in order to divert his attention should he be able to rise. This he quickly proved by springing up as I advanced. Accordingly, I halted until Taher Noor had taken his stand about eighty paces beyond the tree. The rhinoceros now turned and faced him. This gave me the opportunity that I had expected, and I ran quickly to within thirty yards, just in time to obtain a good shoulder shot, as, hearing my footsteps, he turned toward me. Whiff! whiff! and he charged vigorously upon the shot; but just as I prepared to fire the remaining barrel, he ran round and round in a narrow circle, uttering a short, shrill cry, and fell heavily upon his side. I threw a stone at him, but he was already dead. The hide of the rhinoceros is exceedingly easy to detach from the body, as the quality is so hard and stiff that it separates from the flesh like the peel of a ripe orange. In a couple of hours it had been detached in sections for shields, and sufficient flesh was loaded upon the camel, together with the vicious-looking head, which was secured by ropes upon the saddle.

A rhinoceros hide furnishes material for seven shields. A piece large enough for this purpose is sold for about two dollars. The horns of the same animal are likewise sold for two dollars a pound in Abyssinia, where they are much used for sword-hilts.

I returned slowly, following the river. The banks were swarming with small birds that throng the bushes (a species of willow) growing by the water's edge. The weight of a large flock bends down the slender boughs until they touch the water. This is their opportunity for drinking, as their beaks for an instant kiss the stream. These unfortunate little birds get no rest; the large fish and the crocodiles grab at them when they attempt to drink, while the falcons and hawks pursue them at all times, in every direction.

Few creatures are so sly and wary as the crocodile. I watch them continually as they attack the dense flocks of small birds that throng the bushes at the water's edge. These birds are perfectly aware of the danger, and they fly from the attack if possible. The crocodile then quietly and innocently lies upon the surface, as though it had appeared quite by an accident; it thus attracts the attention of the birds, and it slowly sails away to a considerable distance, exposed to their view. The birds, thus beguiled by the deceiver, believe that the danger is removed, and they again flock to the bush, and once more dip their thirsty beaks into the stream. Thus absorbed in slaking their thirst, they do not observe that their enemy is no longer on the surface. A sudden splash, followed by a huge pair of jaws beneath the bush that engulfs some dozens of victims, is the signal unexpectedly given of the crocodile's return, who has thus slyly dived, and hastened under cover of water to his victims. I have seen the crocodiles repeat this manœuvre constantly; they deceive by a feigned retreat, and then attack from below.

In like manner the crocodile perceives, while it is floating on the surface in mid-stream, or from the opposite side of the river, a woman filling her girba, or an animal drinking, etc., etc. Sinking immediately, it swims perhaps a hundred yards nearer, and again appearing for an instant upon the surface, it assures itself of the position of its prey by a stealthy look; once more it sinks, and reaches the exact spot above which the person or animal may be. Seeing distinctly through the water, it generally makes its fatal rush from beneath, sometimes seizing with its jaws, and at other times striking the object into the water with its tail, after which it is seized and carried off.

The crocodile does not attempt to swallow a large prey at once, but generally carries it away, and keeps it for a considerable time in its jaws in some deep hole beneath a rock or the root of a tree, where it eats it at leisure.

CHAPTER VIII.

At Delladilla.—No Aggageers.—Neighboring Forest.—Tracks of a Lion around the Camp.—Search for the Lion in the Jungle.—Two Lions instead of One, and no Rifle.—Death of a Lioness.—Beauty of the Country.—Difficulty of overtaking the Lions.—A Lion seeks to make his Way into the Camp.—Pursuit of the Bold Invader.—Tétel Face to Face with the Lion.

THE next day we returned to Delladilla, where we found every thing as we had left it, except that I had no more aggageers. The Sheriff brothers, having been unable to agree with Abou Do, had gone, and were hunting on the banks of the Royan, whither I was to repair on quitting the Settite. As to the two others, they had ridden so recklessly on unnecessary occasions that all their horses were lamed, and incapable of hunting. My three horses, having been well cared for, were in excellent condition. Abou Do coolly proposed that I should lend them to him, which I, of course, refused, as I had a long journey before me. This led to disagreement, and I ordered him and his people to leave my camp, and to return to Geera. They had no reason to complain. During the time they had been with me they had sent to Geera, on their own account, more than twenty camel loads of hides, fat, and dried meat. They had also had the greater share of the ivory. Never had they made so profitable an expedition.

While the men were engaged in pitching the tents and arranging the camp, I took a single-barreled small rifle, and, with Taher Noor as my sole companion, I strolled through the forest, expecting to obtain a shot at a nellut within a quarter of a mile. The ground was sandy but firm; therefore we made no sound in walking; and as the forest was bounded on two sides by the river, and separated from the main land by a ravine, the fire that had cleared the country of grass had spared this portion, which was an asylum for all kinds of game, as it afforded pasturage and cover. It was a buffalo that I killed instead of an antelope. My men set to work to skin the animal, and I continued my walk. Before leaving I had given orders to leave the carcass and a part of the meat as a bait for the lions, with which the neighborhood abounded, although it was exceedingly difficult to see them, as they were concealed in the dense covert of nabbuk bush. I was fully resolved to track these animals, if the thing were possible in a region so favorable to them.

That night we were serenaded by the roaring of these animals in all directions, one of them having visited our camp, around which we discovered his footprints on the following morning. I accordingly took Taher Noor, with Hadji Ali and Hassan, two of my trusty Tokrooris, and went straight to the spot where I had left the carcass of the buffalo. As I had expected, nothing remained—not even a bone. The ground was much trampled, and tracks of lions were upon the sand; but the body of the buffalo had been dragged into the thorny jungle. I was determined, if possible, to get a shot; therefore I followed carefully the track left by the carcass, which had formed a path in the withered grass. Unfortunately the lions had dragged the buffalo down wind; therefore, after I had arrived within the thick nabbuk and high grass, I came to the conclusion that my only chance would be to make a long circuit, and to creep up wind through the thorns, until I should be advised by my nose of the position of the carcass, which would by this time be in a state of putrefaction, and the lions would most probably be with the body. Accordingly, I struck off to my left, and continuing straight forward for some hundred yards, I again struck into the thick jungle, and came round to the wind. Success depended on extreme caution; therefore I advised my three men to keep close behind me with the spare rifles, as I carried my single-barreled Beattie. This rifle was extremely accurate; therefore I had chosen it for this close work, when I expected to get a shot at the eye or forehead of a lion crouching in the bush. Softly and with difficulty I crept forward, followed closely by my men; through the high withered grass, beneath the dense green nabbuk bushes; peering through the thick covert, with the nerves tuned up to full pitch, and the finger on the trigger ready for any emergency. We had thus advanced for about half an hour, during which I frequently applied my nose to within a foot of the ground to catch the scent, when a sudden puff of wind brought the unmistakable smell of decomposing flesh. For the moment I halted, and, looking round to my men, I made a sign that we were near to the carcass, and that they were to be ready with the rifles. Again I crept gently forward, bending, and sometimes crawling, beneath the thorns to avoid the slightest noise. As I approached, the scent became stronger, until I at length felt that I must be close to the cause. This was highly exciting. Fully prepared for a quick shot, I stealthily crept on. A tremendous roar in the dense thorns within a few feet of me suddenly brought my rifle to my shoulder: almost in the same instant I observed the three-quarter figure of either a lion or a lioness within three yards of me, on the other side of the bush under which I had been creeping—the foliage concealed the head, but I could almost have touched the shoulder with my rifle. Much depended upon the bullet; and I fired exactly through the centre of the shoulder. Another tremendous roar! and a crash in the bushes, as the animal made a bound forward, was succeeded immediately by a similar roar, as another lion took the exact position of the last, and stood wondering at the report of the rifle, and seeking for the cause of the intrusion. This was a grand lion with a shaggy mane; but I was unloaded, keeping my eyes fixed on the beast, while I stretched my hand back for a spare rifle; the lion remained standing, but gazing up wind with his head raised, snuffing in the air for a scent of the enemy. No rifle was put in my hand. I looked back for an instant, and saw my Tokrooris faltering, about five yards behind me. I looked daggers at them, gnashing my teeth and shaking my fist. They saw the lion, and Taher Noor snatching a rifle from Hadji Ali, was just about to bring it, when Hassan, ashamed, ran forward—the lion disappeared at the same moment! Never was such a fine chance lost through the indecision of the gun-bearers! I made a vow never to carry a single-barreled rifle again when hunting large game. If I had had my dear little Fletcher, I should have nailed the lion to a certainty.

However, there was not much time for reflection—where was the first lion? Some remains of the buffalo lay upon my right, and I expected to find the lion, most probably crouching in the thorns somewhere near us. Having reloaded, I took one of my Reilly No. 10 rifles, and listened attentively for a sound. Presently I heard within a few yards a low growl. Taher Noor drew his sword, and, with his shield before him, he searched for the lion, while I crept forward toward the sound, which was again repeated. A loud roar, accompanied by a rush in the jungle, showed us a glimpse of the lion, as he bounded off within ten or twelve yards; but I had no chance to fire. Again the low growl was repeated, and upon quietly creeping toward the spot, I saw a splendid animal crouched upon the ground among the withered and broken grass. The lioness lay dying, with the bullet wound in the shoulder. Occasionally, in her rage, she bit her own paw violently, and then struck and clawed the ground. A pool of blood lay by her side. She was then about ten yards from us, and I instructed my men to throw a clod of earth at her (there were no stones), to prove whether she could rise, while I stood ready with the rifle. She merely replied with a dull roar, and I terminated her misery by a ball through the head. She was a beautiful animal; the patch of the bullet was sticking in the wound; she was shot through both shoulders, and, as we were not far from the tent, I determined to have her brought to camp upon a camel as an offering to my wife. Accordingly I left my Tokrooris, while I went with Taher Noor to fetch a camel.

On our road through the thick jungle I was startled by a rush close to me: for the moment I thought it was a lion, but almost at the same instant I saw a fine nellut dashing away before me, and I killed it immediately with a bullet through the back of the neck. This was great luck, and we now required two camels, as in two shots I had killed a lioness and a nellut.

We remained for some time at our delightful camp at Delladilla. Above the camp the river was extremely picturesque; with high mountains and deep gorges, clothed with dark tamarind-trees, or with their granite cliffs covered with the gnarled roots of the Baobab, while through this solitude coursed the limpid waters of the Settite. The country swarmed with game. It would be impossible to enumerate all my exciting hunting expeditions in this region. My Arabs, who had all the products thereof, literally made their fortunes. Not only did large game abound, but all sorts, elephants, hippopotami, rhinoceros, buffaloes, giraffes, and antelopes.

As our camp was full of meat, we had been a great attraction to the beasts of prey, who constantly prowled around our thin fence during the night. One night in particular, a lion attempted to enter, but had been repulsed by the Tokrooris, who pelted him with fire-brands; my people woke me up and begged me to shoot him, but, as it was perfectly impossible to fire correctly through the hedge of thorns, I refused to be disturbed, but promised to hunt for him on the following day. Throughout the entire night the lion prowled around the camp, growling and uttering his peculiar guttural sigh. Not one of my people slept, as they declared he would bound into the camp and take somebody, unless they kept up the watch-fires and drove him away with brands. The next day, before sunrise, I called Hassan and Hadji Ali, whom I lectured severely upon their cowardice on a former occasion, and I received their promise to follow me to death. I intrusted them with two rifles, and, with my little Fletcher in hand, I determined to spend the whole day in searching every thicket of the forest for lions, as I felt convinced that the animal that had disturbed us during the night was concealed somewhere within the neighboring jungle.

The whole day passed fruitlessly; I had crept through the thickest thorns in vain; having abundance of meat, I had refused the most tempting shots at buffaloes and large antelopes, as I had devoted myself exclusively to lions. I was much disappointed, as the evening had arrived without a shot having been fired; and, as the sun had nearly set, I wandered slowly toward home. Passing through alternate open glades of a few yards width, hemmed in on all sides by thick jungle, I was carelessly carrying my rifle upon my shoulder, as I pushed my way through the opposing thorns, when a sudden roar just before me at once brought the rifle upon full cock, and I saw a magnificent lion standing in the middle of the glade, about ten yards from me. He had been lying on the ground, and had started to his feet upon hearing me approach through the jungle. For an instant he stood in an attitude of attention, as we were hardly visible; but, at the same moment, I took a quick but sure shot with the little Fletcher. He gave a convulsive bound, but rolled over backward; before he could recover himself I fired the left hand barrel. It was a glorious sight. I had advanced a few steps into the glade, and Hassan had quickly handed me a spare rifle, while Taher Noor stood by me, sword in hand. The lion, in the greatest fury, with his shaggy mane bristled in the air, roared with death-like growls, as open-mouthed he endeavored to charge upon us; but he dragged his hind-quarters upon the ground, and I saw immediately that the little Fletcher had broken his spine. In his tremendous exertions to attack, he rolled over and over, gnashing his horrible jaws, and tearing holes in the sandy ground at each blow of his tremendous paws, that would have crushed a man's skull like an egg-shell. Seeing that he was *hors de combat*, I took it coolly, as it was already dusk, and the lion having rolled into a dark and thick bush, I thought it would be advisable to defer the final attack, as he would, in all probability, be dead before morning.

On the following morning, before sunrise, I started, with nearly all my people and a powerful camel, with the intention of bringing the lion home entire. I rode my horse Tétel, who had frequently shown great courage, and I wished to prove whether he would advance to the body of a lion.

Upon arrival near the spot which we supposed to have been the scene of the encounter, we were rather puzzled, as there was nothing to distinguish the locality; one place exactly resembled another, as the country was flat and sandy, interspersed with thick jungle of green nabbuk. We accordingly spread out to beat for the lion. Presently Hadji Ali cried out: "There he lies, dead!" and I immediately rode to the spot, together with the people. A tremendous roar greeted us, as the lion started to his fore-feet; and, with his beautiful mane erect, and his great hazel eyes flashing fire, he gave a succession of deep, short roars, and challenged us to fight. This was a grand picture. He looked like a true lord of the forest; but I pitied the poor brute, as he was helpless; and, although the spirit was game to the last, his strength was paralyzed by a broken back.

It was a glorious opportunity for the horse. At the first unexpected roar the camel had bolted with its rider. The horse had, for a moment, started on one side, and the men had scattered; but in an instant I had reined Tétel up, and I now rode straight toward the lion, who courted the encounter about twenty paces distant. I halted exactly opposite the noble-looking beast, who, seeing me in advance of the party, increased his rage, and growled deeply, fixing his glance upon the horse. I now patted Tétel on the neck, and spoke to him coaxingly. He gazed intently at the lion, erected his mane, and snorted, but showed no signs of retreat. "Bravo! old boy!" I said; and, encouraging him by caressing his neck with my hand, I touched his flank gently with my heel. I let him just feel my hand upon the rein; and, with a "Come along, old lad!" Tétel slowly but resolutely advanced, step by step, toward the infuriated lion, that greeted him with continued growls. The horse several times snorted loudly, and stared fixedly at the terrible face before him; but, as I constantly patted and coaxed him, he did not refuse to advance. I checked him when within about six yards from the lion. This would have made a magnificent picture, as the horse, with astounding courage, faced the lion at bay. Both animals kept their eyes fixed upon each other, the one beaming with rage, the other with cool determination. This was enough; I dropped the reins upon his neck; it was a signal that Tétel perfectly understood, and he stood firm as a rock, for he knew that I was about to fire. I took aim at the head of the glorious but distressed lion, and a bullet from the little Fletcher dropped him dead. Tétel never flinched at a shot. I now dismounted; and having patted and coaxed the horse, I led him up to the body of the lion, which I also patted, and then gave my hand to the horse to smell. He snorted once or twice, and, as I released my hold of the reins, and left him entirely free, he slowly lowered his head and sniffed the mane of the dead lion. He then turned a few paces upon one side, and commenced eating the withered grass beneath the nabbuk bushes. My Arabs were perfectly delighted with this extraordinary instance of courage exhibited by the horse. I had known that the beast was disabled; but Tétel had advanced boldly toward the angry jaws of a lion that appeared about to spring. The camel was now brought to the spot and blindfolded, while we endeavored to secure the lion upon its back. As the camel knelt, it required the united exertions of eight men, including myself, to raise the ponderous animal, and to secure it across the saddle.

Although so active and cat-like in its movements, a full-grown lion weighs about five hundred and fifty pounds. Having secured it, we shortly arrived in camp. The *coup d'œil* was beautiful, as the camel entered the inclosure, with the shaggy head and massive paws of the dead lion hanging upon one flank, while the tail nearly descended to the ground upon the opposite side. It was laid at full length before my wife, to whom the claws were dedicated as a trophy, to be worn around the neck as a talisman. Not only are the claws prized by the Arabs, but the mustache of the lion is carefully preserved and sewn in a leather envelope, to be worn as an amulet. Such a charm is supposed to protect the wearer from the attacks of wild animals.

In all probability, this was the lion that was in the habit of visiting our camp; as, from that date, although the roars of such animals were our nightly music, we were never afterward visited so closely.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IN THE TENTED FIELD.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

Lydia Western was only just recovering from the shock of her husband's sudden death when the Bull Run *fiasco* showed that a serious war was on hand for the people of the United States. Lydia Western was fully twenty years younger than her husband; and she had never loved him with any thing like passionate ardor. But his affection and kindness and devotion had won her esteem and gratitude, and, at last, her tender regard. A wealthy New York merchant, he had taken her, a poor girl, an obscure teacher of drawing, and raised her, by marrying her, into opulence and station. She was beautiful, she was highly cultivated, she presided with grace and brilliancy over Mr. Western's house and his social circle, and she was calmly happy and contented while he lived. He died after a day's illness, and she felt the shock profoundly, grieving, perhaps, all the more because she had not loved him. For she thought she ought to have loved him, and had, therefore, some remorse added to her grief. Life looked so blank and drear to her, when she was thus left alone, that she felt she must lose herself in some earnest and active work, or sink into a morbidness far worse than death. She had no children.

So, when the war deepened and grew more sanguinary, she made up her mind that she would be a nurse, that she would organize a staff of nurses, and try to do such work as Florence Nightingale and Miss Stanley had done in the Crimea, as many noble American women were doing even then on American battle-fields. She obtained permission from the Government to do her best; and she was attached to the Army of the Potomac, and did much true and good service to the wounded of more than one bloody field. I am not going to tell of her services here, or to enter into any detail of the work she did. Many other American ladies did the same work; and the country knows well enough what it was, and how much they deserved who thus spontaneously and nobly devoted themselves to do it. Besides, this is a love story; and the serious business of war and wounds and nursing only comes in here as a back-ground or frame-work for my tale.

A great battle was being fought in Virginia, and the wounded were being brought in faster than the best exertions of surgeons or nurses could attend to; and Lydia Western was occupied as busily as any man or woman within the Federal lines. Into the tent where she was engaged they were bringing new sufferers every moment; and one wounded, insensible man was laid at last across the entrance to the tent, so that no one could pass in or out without stepping over his body. Lydia came, in due time, to this poor creature, who was lying there almost unnoticed, and she found that he had a severe wound in the shoulder from a fragment of shell, apparently, and a heavy sabre-cut on the head. He was insensible, indeed, but still breathing strongly and regularly; and Mrs. Western thought there was good hope for him. For the moment, however, there was nothing to be done for him but to let him lie there undisturbed. So she attended to others, but came softly over every now and then to see whether he was in a condition to receive food or medicine.

I have said that Lydia had been a teacher of drawing. She had indeed a remarkable skill with her pencil, and might with perseverance have become a successful artist if fortune had not removed from her the stimulating necessity of having to earn her bread. This poor fellow lying wounded at the entrance of the tent had a face and form which appealed with irresistible power to her artistic faculties. In the Iliad there are descriptions of wounded or slain young heroes lying on the battle-field which might almost make one in love with wounds and death, so exquisite are the pictures of war's victims. They lie there, the beautiful youths of Greece or Troy, serene and graceful in their lifelessness, the blood enriching by purple contrast the golden glory of their curling locks and the calm marble whiteness of their foreheads and temples. The solemn beauty of a statue, the thrill and color of life, the sublime pathos and dignity of death, are all there at once; and I question whether any generous boy ever read some of these Homeric descriptions without envying for the moment "the stately repose and the lordly delight of the dead" whose attitude in death is thus made fascinating and noble. Well, the youth who lay insensible at Lydia Western's feet was one whose wounded form and exhausted sleep Homer might have loved to picture. A form all grace and suppleness and strength and symmetry, the chest of Antinous, the head of Apollo, the golden, curling, waving hair of Achilles. The blood that soaked into that golden hair scarcely seemed to bring with it any suggestion of horror or hideousness, so calm was the expression of the face, so rich and beautiful the blending of purple and gold in the war-stained curls. In truth, the nurse was for the moment lost in the artist. Lydia gazed not so much with pity at the sufferer as with admiration at the model. She could hardly withdraw her eyes from the noble, graceful form, every outline of which, despite the wounds and the curdling blood, seemed to speak of the very pride and glory of youthful, manly health. In fact, a temptation came upon Lydia Western which she could not resist. She had always a pencil in her belt; she found a large piece of white paper. She knelt by the wounded man in the sinking sunlight of an exquisite autumnal evening; and there, with the wounded and the dead all around her, with the battle still raging only, as it seemed, a few furlongs off, with the roar of the cannon shaking the leaves of the trees, and the very blades of the grass near the tent, she occupied herself in making a rapid drawing of that noble face and figure. While she drew, the artist began to yield to the woman, and she looked with inexpressible admiration and pity on the face of the wounded youth; and giving way to a sudden irresistible emotion, for which she presently felt her cheek grow crimson and hot with shame, she bent down and dropped a kiss, which fell light as a falling rose-leaf on the soldier's silent lips. She started up, almost affrighted, for she fancied that the soldier's eyes opened for a moment, and that a slight emotion quivered across the lips she had kissed. But that must have been only the delusion of her momentary agitation; for when she bent again over the wounded man he lay in his trance-like sleep just as before.

This was one of the unsuccessful battles which were fought by the Federal armies about the middle of the war. A retreat was ordered; and while the movement was yet beginning a sudden and fearful rain-storm came on; the lightning blazed, and the thunder crashed among the trees with a fierceness like that of a tropical tornado; there was much confusion and even disorder; and if the Confederates had only had the strength or the judgment to follow up their success, and attack the retreating army, there might, indeed, have been a terrible disaster for the Northern side. But the rebels had been a good deal cut up themselves; they had won their victory, such as it was, at heavy cost; and they were either unable or unwilling to do any more fighting just then. So the Federal army was allowed to retreat unmolested, save by the storm, which pelted and drenched it; and Lydia Western went with her flag, and the youth whom she had sketched was left lying on the ground where she had seen him.

Perhaps the drenching rain which fell on the young man was the best minister to his fevered and wounded body. It refreshed and cooled and vivified him; allayed the thirst which was parching his lips and pursuing him even in his lethargic, heavy sleep. The poor youth was visited, it dimly seemed to him, by a strange, sweet, almost heavenly vision. Consciousness had wholly left him from the moment when, resisting with his comrades a fierce charge of the rebel cavalry, he had received the sabre cut which struck him down. The shell wound he had borne without falling or even flagging; but when the edge of the sabre smote on his head the earth seemed to fall beneath him, and the sun was extinguished, and he appeared for a moment to be crashing down through awful depths, amidst fearful clanging noises and with strange pains, which were as if part of the noises and one with them; and then consciousness went out altogether. The first faint revival of it was something at once strange and delicious. Deep, beautiful, tender eyes seemed to look with sad sympathy into his, soft hands to touch his blood-dripping hair. He gazed into the face of a woman, fair and gentle and compassionate as a Madonna; and she stooped over him and kissed his lips. Then the vision faded, and he slept again; but this time he had dreams, and often in the dreams came up again this one face, though not so clear and distinct as before; and then he felt cooling influences around him, almost as if he were bathing in the far-off river which ran by his home; and he awoke at last refreshed and conscious, and found himself lying on the wet and sodden ground, with the rain pouring down upon him.

The war was over at last, and Lydia Western was at home. All through the closing months or years of the struggle, ever since the night of the retreat which has been just described, she bore about with her the memory of the beautiful youth whom she had been forced, by the hard necessities of the hour, to leave senseless on the field. Doubtless, she thought to herself, he perished there, and she did not know even his name. Some mother was thinking sadly, even now, of his bright, curling hair; perhaps some girl's broken heart was the sacrifice to the Fates over his unknown grave. In Lydia Western's mind this youth on the battle-field became a symbol, an embodied expression of manhood and courage and patriotism and love. She set to work to make a painting from the rough, rapid sketch she had taken; and she devoted herself to the task, to the exclusion of almost every other amusement and occupation. The picture thus painted, *con amore*, was indeed one of remarkable merit. There was a charm in its very simplicity, as well as in its truthfulness. It was only the fallen form of a young man on a battle-field, the face upturned, the bright, curling hair dabbled in blood, the eyes closed, the expression serene and calm, with almost a smile upon the lips. In the right hand, which was flung above the head, was the hilt of a broken sword, on the shivered blade of which glittered the latest rays of the sinking sun. The title of the picture was simply, "For the Cause."

It was exhibited in the Academy and attracted much attention and admiration. Many offered to buy it, but Mrs. Western would not sell. Many scores of officers who had served in the war came and looked at it; but no one recognized the face. Perhaps when Lydia Western brought every one she knew and could reach, who had ever had any thing to do with the Army of the Potomac, to see her picture, she had some faint hope that somebody would recognize the face, and tell her the name of the man she had painted. She was disappointed in the expectation, if she entertained it. No one knew the face. It was evidently that of some obscure hero; some "unnamed demigod," to adopt Kossuth's expression.

Do you remember that beautiful story in the "Arabian Nights" (what a world of romance and poetry is in these stories!) about the princess at one side of the world, the prince at the other, whom fairy influence had brought together for a moment, and then sundered again? And who were alike pining away, and for a long time vainly seeking, he in this land, she in that, with continents and oceans between them, for the ideal being, the loved creature of an hour, lost so soon, but never to be forgotten, and never to be renounced? Really the story of our New York widow has something in it like this, although Fifth Avenue surely looks no region of romance, and there are no genii floating around the Academy of Design. For while Lydia Western was painting her unknown hero and dreaming of him, and at last sinking into genuine and passionate love of this creature of memory and dreams, there was on the other side of the Atlantic a fair-haired, handsome young man, just recovering from the effects of his wounds, and cherishing day and night the memory of a beautiful woman's face, which, in good truth, was that of Lydia Western.

Lydia Western went to Europe and brought her picture with her. It was small, and she would not travel without it; although she had given up showing it to any body, and now kept it only for her own eyes, and her own delights and regrets. In Florence she was a frequent visitor to the *salon* of a French lady whom she had known in Paris, and who was fond of the society of Americans. This lady was a genuine lion-huntress, and very frank in her acknowledgment of her predilections, and she liked charming women, such as Lydia Western, especially when they possessed large fortunes; because, since the days of Æsop, as we all know, lions have been drawn by the attractions of pretty women.

"I am so disappointed, my dear," this lady said to her one night, drawing her into a corner of the crowded *salon*—"quite desolated, indeed. I expected to have presented to you such a *beau garçon*, one of my compatriots, and almost a compatriot by adoption of yours."

"Indeed, Madame! Who is he?" Lydia asked, not profoundly interested in the answer.

"But the young Vicomte Charles d'Esterre! Do you not know he actually quarreled with his father, a devoted Bonapartist and Imperialist, and exiled himself from his home, to fight under your Stars and Stripes for your Republic? Like the brave young Orleans princes—whom he knows as of his intimate friends."

"I never heard of any Vicomte Charles d'Esterre in our army. But of course he may have been there none the less—only I am surprised that I never heard his name."

"Ah! but that is the romance of the story. He served as a private soldier under some quite ordinary name. His parents knew nothing of him until he came back wounded and weak when the war was over. He had been taken by the enemy and immured in the dreadful prisons of the South. But such adventures! He shall tell them to you himself."

"But if he is not coming—?"

"He shall come. He shall know that there is a lovely Americaine who, like him, followed the flag of the Stars and Stripes over battle-fields; and he will come delighted. For the rest, he loves America; and he has himself told me that the most beautiful face he ever saw he saw in America. But, unhappily, it was only in a dream."

"I, too," thought Lydia to herself, "seem to have seen the face which most deeply interested me in a dream. At least it might just as well have been a dream as the futile, fading reality that it was."

She said nothing, however, and the conversation dropped, and the Vicomte Charles d'Esterre did not come that night, and Lydia nearly forgot all about him.

A few days passed and she received a note from her friend:

> "Méchante,—Why have I not seen you since these many days? Come to-night; be sure you do not fail, for my young hero of the American war is coming, and I have entertained him of you, and he longs to be presented to you."

Why did Lydia feel something like a trepidation, to her quite unusual, as she entered her friend's *salon* that night? I fancy people do have an anticipation more often than we suppose when something momentous is about to happen to them. If we will only remember, I think we shall find that we always had a vague pre-knowledge of the fact when about to meet some one who was destined profoundly to influence our lives. However that may be, Lydia did feel strangely possessed and *exalté* as she entered the room that night.

Her hostess advanced to her eagerly.

"Madame Lydia Western, I have the honor to present to you my compatriot, much distinguished, and your fellow-soldier, the Vicomte Charles d'Esterre."

And there, bowing before Lydia, stood the hero of her picture, the wounded soldier of her tent, the youth whose noble face she had sketched, whose silent lips she had kissed. And as he, bowing, raised his eyes they looked on the face of the Madonna of his dream—the face which had bent over his as he lay on the Virginia battle-field!

"But you have met before!" exclaimed the hostess, seeing the simultaneous flash of recognition and surprise in the eyes of both her friends.

"I have seen M. the Vicomte before," Lydia said, in a low, hesitating, almost a trembling voice; "but I did not then know him."

"And I," said D'Esterre—"well, I have seen Madame, but I thought it was in a dream."

They spoke a little of the war and its events; but Lydia said nothing of the tent and the retreat. She had found her hero, but as yet she did not dare to acknowledge him. He, for his part, was almost wholly bewildered. The mystery was all inexplicable to him; and when he approached it in words she retreated, so evidently with a purpose that he forbore to press the subject. But he obtained permission to visit her the next day.

Lydia prepared to receive him, and deliberately did something for which every prudent, proper, self-respecting, dignified, and well-regulated woman will, of course, justly condemn her. She placed in her room the picture to which she had devoted so much love and labor.

"My picture—my very picture!" exclaimed D'Esterre, as his eyes fell upon the painting. "Then, Madame, it was not a dream? It was your face which bent over me as I lay on that field—it was your eyes which looked so pityingly into mine! And I have dreamed of you ever since!"

"He does not know of the kiss, thank Heaven!" Lydia said, in her own mind; but she blushed, nevertheless, and indeed she was wrong in her assumption.

"It was I, Vicomte," she said, "who saw you there, and who left you on the battle-field to die, or to be made prisoner."

"It was you who saved my life!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Your look of sympathy and pity recalled me to existence, and made life worth having, and gave me an ideal and a hope that never left me."

They were self-confessed lovers already. This was sudden love-making indeed; but then it seems somehow to have been decreed and arranged beforehand; and, in truth, they had been loving each other for years. They were married the other day; and the principal ornament of their *salon* is the picture of the young soldier lying wounded on the battle-field.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A lady had been cautioning her son, a bright, affectionate little boy, in the matter of taking cold. "You know, my child," she said, "I can not help being anxious and troubled about you when you are ill. Ah! Freddy, you have little idea of the feelings of a mother." "No, mother," replied the dear little fellow, with genuine earnestness; "but I may know something of the feelings of a father!"

"Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?" "No, Sah; but I've seen um kill mice."

The art of puffing has reached its climax out in Illinois. This is the way they do it: "If you want to hear of the wonders of the hidden river, the rush of the mighty Colorado over falls the imagination fails to picture, through chasms which have rent the hearts of the mountains, and down into the inner depths of the earth, go listen to Major Powell."

Why is the earth like a blackboard?—Because the children of men multiply upon the face of it.

A man whose wife hung herself in his presence, on being asked why he did not prevent the tragedy, replied: "I cut her down three times last week, and I can't be always cutting her down."

In studying the book of Nature the best reeding will be found in the swamps.

If you want your neighbors to "know all about you," give a party, and don't invite the folks who live next door.

Asking a lady what her accomplishments are is, generally speaking, harmless enough. Still, in these days, it might in some cases cause embarrassment to put the question, "Do you paint?"

A Texas murderer wants his execution delayed because he is in poor health.

A young gentleman recently found himself in company with three young ladies, and generously divided an orange between them. "You will rob yourself," exclaimed one of the damsels. "Not at all," replied the innocent; "I have three or four more in my pocket!"

Wall Street is seldom original, but is great in quotation.

A young man, accompanied by his lady-love, took breakfast at an hotel the other day. Never having seen any fish-balls, he handed one to his lady, under the impression that it was a dough-nut. After breaking his own, he carefully examined, then smelled of it, and with a sepulchral voice said, "Sal, don't eat that dough-nut; there's something dead in this."

Old Master Brown brought his ferule down,
  His face was angry and red;
"Anthony Blair, go sit you there,
  Among the girls," he said.

So Anthony Blair, with a mortified air,
  And his head hung down on his breast,
Went right away and sat all day
  By the girl who loved him best.

How would you paint an absent-minded friend?—In a brown study.

"You say," said a judge to a witness, "that the plaintiff resorted to an ingenious use of circumstantial evidence; state just exactly what you mean by that." "Well," said the witness, "my exact meaning is, that he lied."

Difficult Punctuation—Putting a stop to a gossip's tongue.

A close-fisted fellow treating a friend to some old wine poured out a very small quantity. The latter, taking the glass and holding it above his head, remarked, rather skeptically: "You say this is forty years old?" "Yes," replied the host. "Then," rejoined our friend, "all I have to say is, that it is very small for its age."

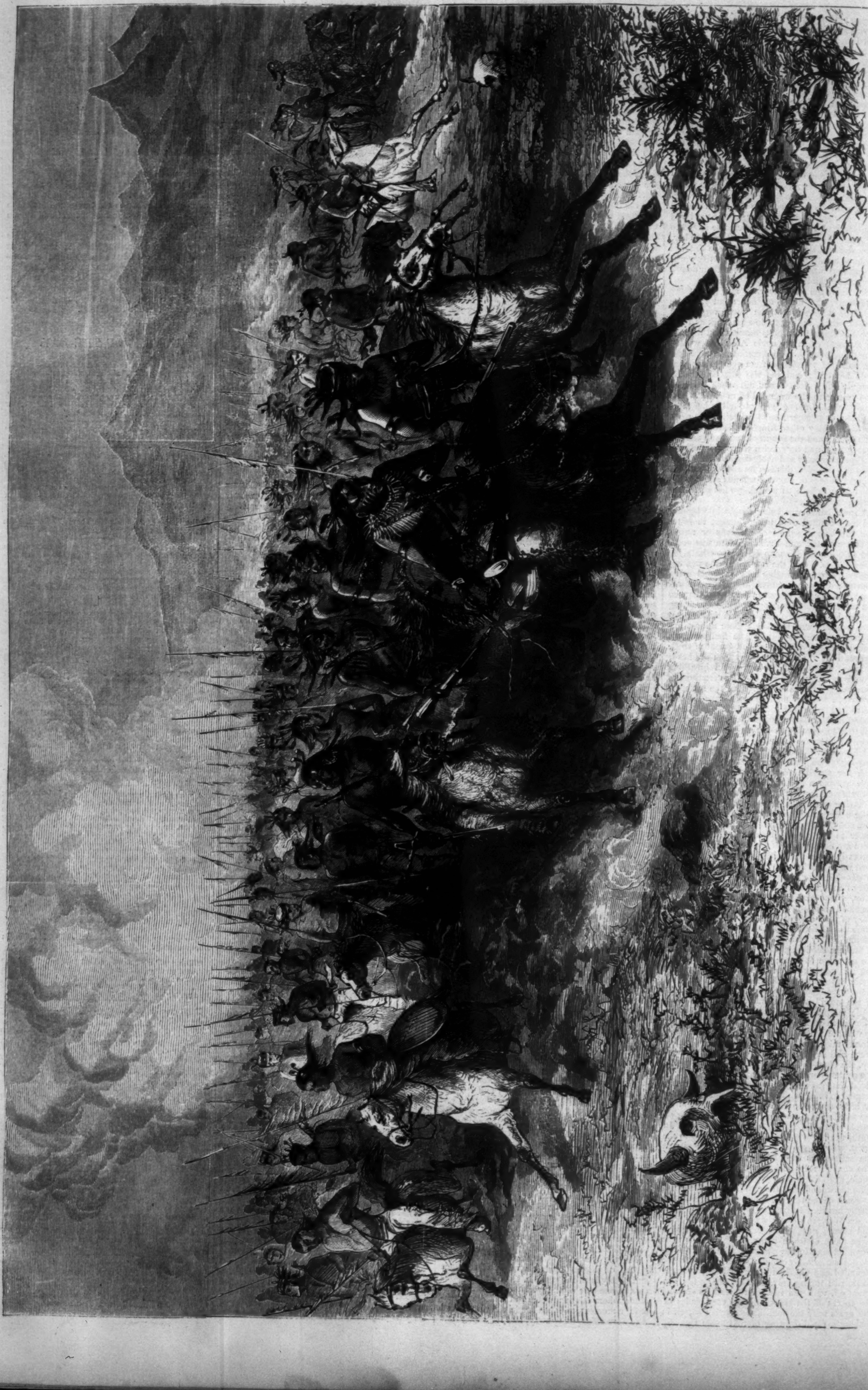
Why are farmers like fowls?—Because neither will get *crops* without industry.

A man, on being told by a generous farmer that he would give him a barrel of cider, asked him if he would bring it to his house. "Certainly," replied the farmer, "with pleasure." "Well," said the grateful recipient, "what will you pay me for the barrel when the cider is gone?"

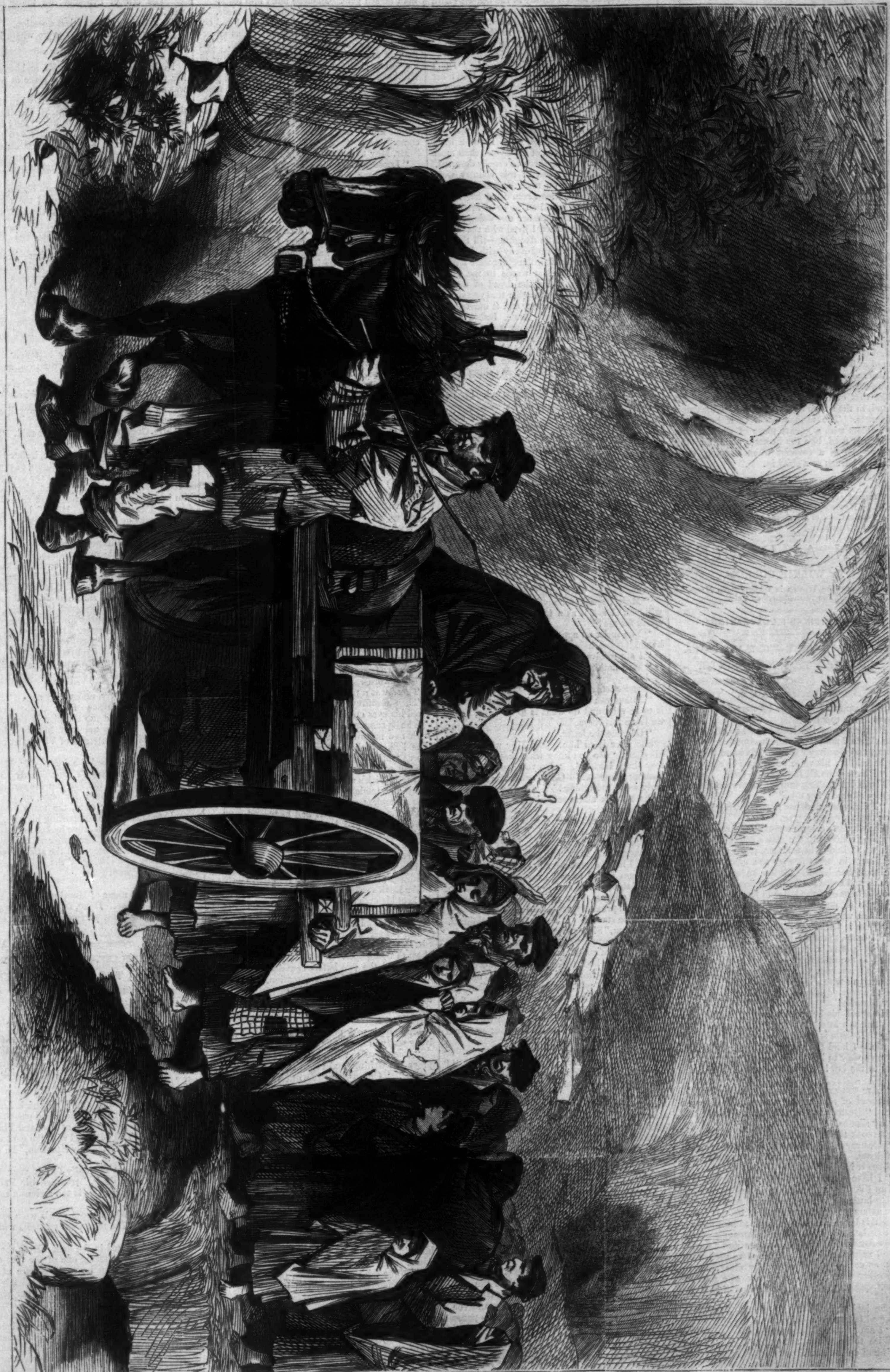
To avoid Draughts—Don't take any.

"Really, my dear," said poor Mr. Jones to his "better half," "you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman; but you've turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste." "Then, my love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhesive, and will stick to you as long as you live."

A physician examining a student as to his progress, asked him, "Should a man fall into a well forty feet deep, and strike his head against one of the tools with which he had been digging, what would be your course if called in as a surgeon?" The student replied, "I should advise them to leave that man lie, and fill up the well."



INDIANS ON THE WAR-PATH.—Drawn by Theo. R. Davis.—[See First Page.]



PEASANT FUNERAL IN THE MAM TURK MOUNTAINS OF CONNEMARA, IRELAND.—[SEE PAGE 394.]

THE MEETING.

WITH Time I turn—years backward flow,
  Again that golden shore I trace,
Where, in the light of long ago,
    I first beheld thy face.

Soft summer airs waved warm and light;
  A solemn psalm, breathed o'er the bay,
Came like the choral march of Night,
    Ascending far away.

The sun burned downward to the deep,
  And glowed through many a purple bar;
While, like a virgin from her sleep,
    Arose the Evening Star.

There oft had I, with care oppressed,
  Forgetful, dream'd of other lands;
And thou hadst sought a realm of rest
    Along those silent sands.

As mists that melt in azure skies,
  Thy tears fell fast; such woe was mine;
Like magnets glanced thy streaming eyes,
    And drew my soul to thine.

A PEASANT FUNERAL IN IRELAND.

ON page 393 we give, this week, an illustration of a peasant funeral in the Mam Turk Mountains of Connemara, Ireland. It consisted, writes an eye-witness of the touching incident, mostly of women and girls. The chief mourner sat in the cart beside the coffin, which was simply a rough deal box, wrapped about with a white sheet, to signify that the corpse was that of a youth, the plain wood being left uncovered at both ends. They had a journey of eight Irish miles before them to the place of interment. The dress of the men of this mountain district is like that of the Western Highlanders of Scotland, in their rough gray tweed and Kilmarnock bonnets. The women cover their heads and shoulders with a square piece of white flannel, which is used, like the Scottish plaid, for other purposes—as a coverlet when sleeping, or to carry a burden or a child in.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

FOURTEENTH SCENE.—PORTLAND PLACE.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

(*Continued.*)

A SCOTCH MARRIAGE.

SIR PATRICK LUNDIE and Anne Silvester were alone in the room.

He took from the breast-pocket of his coat the sheet of note-paper which contained Anne's letter, and Geoffrey's reply. His hand trembled as he held it; his voice faltered as he spoke.

"I have done all that can be done," he said. "I have left nothing untried, to prevent the necessity of producing this."

"I feel your kindness gratefully, Sir Patrick. You must produce it now."

The woman's calmness presented a strange and touching contrast to the man's emotion. There was no shrinking in her face, there was no unsteadiness in her voice as she answered him. He took her hand. Twice he attempted to speak; and twice his own agitation overpowered him. He offered the letter to her in silence.

In silence, on her side, she put the letter away from her, wondering what he meant.

"Take it back," he said. "I can't produce it! I daren't produce it! After what my own eyes have seen, after what my own ears have heard, in the next room—as God is my witness, I daren't ask you to declare yourself Geoffrey Delamayn's wife!"

She answered him in one word.

"Blanche!"

He shook his head impatiently. "Not even in Blanche's interests! Not even for Blanche's sake! If there is any risk, it is a risk I am ready to run. I hold to my own opinion. I believe my own view to be right. Let it come to an appeal to the law! I will fight the case, and win it."

"Are you *sure* of winning it, Sir Patrick?"

Instead of replying, he pressed the letter on her. "Destroy it," he whispered. "And rely on my silence."

She took the letter from him.

"Destroy it," he repeated. "They may open the doors. They may come in at any moment, and see it in your hand."

"I have something to ask you, Sir Patrick, before I destroy it. Blanche refuses to go back to her husband, unless she returns with the certain assurance of being really his wife. If I produce this letter, she may go back to him to-day. If I declare myself Geoffrey Delamayn's wife, I clear Arnold Brinkworth, at once and forever, of all suspicion of being married to me. Can you as certainly and effectually clear him in any other way? Answer me that, as a man of honor speaking to a woman who implicitly trusts him!"

She looked him full in the face. His eyes dropped before hers—he made no reply.

"I am answered," she said.

With those words, she passed him, and laid her hand on the door.

He checked her. The tears rose in his eyes as he drew her gently back into the room.

"Why should we wait?" she asked.

"Wait," he answered, "as a favor to *me.*"

She seated herself calmly in the nearest chair, and rested her head on her hand, thinking.

He bent over her, and roused her, impatiently, almost angrily. The steady resolution in her face was terrible to him, when he thought of the man in the next room.

"Take time to consider," he pleaded. "Don't be led away by your own impulse. Don't act under a false excitement. Nothing binds you to this dreadful sacrifice of yourself."

"Excitement! Sacrifice!" She smiled sadly as she repeated the words. "Do you know, Sir Patrick, what I was thinking of a moment since? Only of old times, when I was a little girl. I saw the sad side of life sooner than most children see it. My mother was cruelly deserted. The hard marriage laws of this country were harder on her than on me. She died broken-hearted. But one friend comforted her at the last moment, and promised to be a mother to her child. I can't remember one unhappy day in all the after-time when I lived with that faithful woman and her little daughter—till the day that parted us. She went away with her husband; and I and the little daughter were left behind. She said her last words to me. Her heart was sinking under the dread of coming death. 'I promised your mother that you should be like my own child to me, and it quieted her mind. Quiet *my* mind, Anne, before I go. Whatever happens in years to come—promise me to be always what you are now, a sister to Blanche.' Where is the false excitement, Sir Patrick, in old remembrances like these? And how can there be a sacrifice in any thing that I do for Blanche?"

She rose, and offered him her hand. Sir Patrick lifted it to his lips in silence.

"Come!" she said. "For both our sakes, let us not prolong this."

He turned aside his head. It was no moment to let her see that she had completely unmanned him. She waited for him, with her hand on the lock. He rallied his courage—he forced himself to face the horror of the situation calmly. She opened the door, and led the way back into the other room.

Not a word was spoken by any of the persons present, as the two returned to their places. The noise of a carriage passing in the street was painfully audible. The chance banging of a door in the lower regions of the house made every one start.

Anne's sweet voice broke the dreary silence.

"Must I speak for myself, Sir Patrick? Or will you (I ask it as a last and greatest favor) speak for me?"

"You insist on appealing to the letter in your hand?"

"I am resolved to appeal to it."

"Will nothing induce you to defer the close of this inquiry—so far as you are concerned—for four-and-twenty hours?"

"Either you or I, Sir Patrick, must say what is to be said, and do what is to be done, before we leave this room."

"Give me the letter."

She gave it to him. Mr. Moy whispered to his client, "Do you know what that is?" Geoffrey shook his head. "Do you really remember nothing about it?" Geoffrey answered in one surly word, "Nothing!"

Sir Patrick addressed himself to the assembled company.

"I have to ask your pardon," he said, "for abruptly leaving the room, and for obliging Miss Silvester to leave it with me. Every body present, except that man" (he pointed to Geoffrey), "will, I believe, understand and forgive me, now that I am forced to make my conduct the subject of the plainest and the fullest explanation. I shall address that explanation, for reasons which will presently appear, to my niece."

Blanche started. "To me!" she exclaimed.

"To you," Sir Patrick answered.

Blanche turned toward Arnold, daunted by a vague sense of something serious to come. The letter that she had received from her husband on her departure from Ham Farm had necessarily alluded to relations between Geoffrey and Anne, of which Blanche had been previously ignorant. Was any reference coming to those relations? Was there something yet to be disclosed which Arnold's letter had not prepared her to hear?"

Sir Patrick resumed.

"A short time since," he said to Blanche, "I proposed to you to return to your husband's protection—and to leave the termination of this matter in my hands. You have refused to go back to him until you are first certainly assured that you are his wife. Thanks to a sacrifice to your interests and your happiness, on Miss Silvester's part—which I tell you frankly I have done my utmost to prevent—I am in a position to prove positively that Arnold Brinkworth was a single man when he married you from my house in Kent."

Mr. Moy's experience forewarned him of what was coming. He pointed to the letter in Sir Patrick's hand.

"Do you claim on a promise of marriage?" he asked.

Sir Patrick rejoined by putting a question on his side.

"Do you remember the famous decision at Doctors' Commons, which established the marriage of Captain Dalrymple and Miss Gordon?"

Mr. Moy was answered. "I understand you, Sir Patrick," he said. After a moment's pause, he addressed his next words to Anne. "And, from the bottom of my heart, madam, I respect *you.*"

It was said with a fervent sincerity of tone which wrought the interest of the other persons, who were still waiting for enlightenment, to the highest pitch. Lady Lundie and Captain Newenden whispered to each other anxiously. Arnold turned pale. Blanche burst into tears.

Sir Patrick turned once more to his niece.

"Some little time since," he said, "I had occasion to speak to you of the scandalous uncertainty of the marriage laws of Scotland. But for that uncertainty (entirely without parallel in any other civilized country in Europe), Arnold Brinkworth would never have occupied the position in which he stands here to-day—and these proceedings would never have taken place. Bear that fact in mind. It is not only answerable for the mischief that has been already done, but for the far more serious evil which is still to come."

Mr. Moy took a note. Sir Patrick went on.

"Loose and reckless as the Scotch law is, there happens, however, to be one case in which the action of it has been confirmed and settled by the English Courts. A written promise of marriage exchanged between a man and woman, in Scotland, marries that man and woman by Scotch law. An English Court of Justice (sitting in judgment on the case I have just mentioned to Mr. Moy) has pronounced that law to be good—and the decision has since been confirmed by the supreme authority of the House of Lords. Where the persons therefore—living in Scotland at the time—have promised each other marriage in writing, there is now no longer any doubt. They are certainly, and lawfully, Man and Wife." He turned from his niece, and appealed to Mr. Moy. "Am I right?"

"Quite right, Sir Patrick, as to the facts. I own, however, that your commentary on them surprises me. I have the highest opinion of our Scottish marriage law. A man who has betrayed a woman under a promise of marriage is forced by that law (in the interests of public morality) to acknowledge her as his wife."

"The persons here present, Mr. Moy, are now about to see the moral merit of the Scotch law of marriage (as approved by England) practically in operation before their own eyes. They will judge for themselves of the morality (Scotch or English) which first forces a deserted woman back on the villain who has betrayed her, and then virtuously leaves her to bear the consequences."

With that answer, he turned to Anne, and showed her the letter, open in his hand.

"For the last time," he said, "do you insist on my appealing to this?"

She rose, and bowed her head gravely.

"It is my distressing duty," said Sir Patrick, "to declare, in this lady's name, and on the faith of written promises of marriage exchanged between the parties, then residing in Scotland, that she claims to be now—and to have been on the afternoon of the fourteenth of August last—Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn's wedded wife."

A cry of horror from Blanche, a low murmur of dismay from the rest, followed the utterance of those words.

There was a pause of an instant.

Then Geoffrey rose slowly to his feet, and fixed his eyes on the wife who had claimed him.

The spectators of the terrible scene turned with one accord toward the sacrificed woman. The look which Geoffrey had cast on her—the words which Geoffrey had spoken to her—were present to all their minds. She stood, waiting by Sir Patrick's side—her soft gray eyes resting sadly and tenderly on Blanche's face. To see that matchless courage and resignation was to doubt the reality of what had happened. They were forced to look back at the man to possess their minds with the truth.

The triumph of law and morality over him was complete. He never uttered a word. His furious temper was perfectly and fearfully calm. With the promise of merciless vengeance written in the Devil's writing on his Devil-possessed face, he kept his eyes fixed on the hated woman whom he had ruined—on the hated woman who was fastened to him as his wife.

His lawyer went over to the table at which Sir Patrick sat. Sir Patrick handed him the sheet of note-paper.

He read the two letters contained in it with absorbed and deliberate attention. The moments that passed before he lifted his head from his reading seemed like hours. "Can you prove the handwritings?" he asked. "And prove the residence?"

Sir Patrick took up a second morsel of paper lying ready under his hand.

"There are the names of persons who can prove the writing, and prove the residence," he replied. "One of your two witnesses below stairs (otherwise useless) can speak to the hour at which Mr. Brinkworth arrived at the inn, and so can prove that the lady for whom he asked was, at that moment, Mrs. Geoffrey Delamayn. The indorsement on the back of the note-paper, also referring to the question of time, is in the handwriting of the same witness—to whom I refer you, when it suits your convenience to question him."

"I will verify the references, Sir Patrick, as a matter of form. In the mean time, not to interpose needless and vexatious delay, I am bound to say that I can not resist the evidence of the marriage."

Having replied in those terms, he addressed himself, with marked respect and sympathy, to Anne.

"On the faith of the written promise of marriage exchanged between you in Scotland," he said, "you claim Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn as your husband?"

She steadily repeated the words after him.

"I claim Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn as my husband."

Mr. Moy appealed to his client. Geoffrey broke silence at last.

"Is it settled?" he asked.

"To all practical purposes, it is settled."

He went on, still looking at nobody but Anne.

"Has the law of Scotland made her my wife?"

"The law of Scotland has made her your wife."

He asked a third and last question.

"Does the law tell her to go where her husband goes?"

"Yes."

He laughed softly to himself, and beckoned to her to cross the room to the place at which he was standing.

She obeyed. At the moment when she took the first step to approach him, Sir Patrick caught her hand, and whispered to her, "Rely on me!" She gently pressed his hand in token that she understood him, and advanced to Geoffrey. At the same moment, Blanche rushed between them, and flung her arms around Anne's neck.

"Oh, Anne! Anne!"

An hysterical passion of tears choked her utterance. Anne gently unwound the arms that clung round her—gently lifted the head that lay helpless on her bosom.

"Happier days are coming, my love," she said. "Don't think of *me.*"

She kissed her—looked at her—kissed her again—and placed her in her husband's arms. Arnold remembered her parting words at Craig Fernie, when they had wished each other good-night. "You have not befriended an ungrateful woman. The day may yet come when I shall prove it." Gratitude and admiration struggled in him which should utter itself first, and held him speechless.

She bent her head gently in token that she understood him. Then she went on, and stood before Geoffrey.

"I am here," she said to him. "What do you wish me to do?"

A hideous smile parted his heavy lips. He offered her his arm.

"Mrs. Geoffrey Delamayn," he said. "Come home."

The picture of the lonely house, isolated amidst its high walls; the ill-omened figure of the dumb woman with the stony eyes and the savage ways—the whole scene, as Anne had pictured it to him but two days since, rose vivid as reality before Sir Patrick's mind. "No!" he cried out, carried away by the generous impulse of the moment. "It shall *not* be!"

Geoffrey stood impenetrable—waiting with his offered arm. Pale and resolute, she lifted her noble head—called back the courage which had faltered for a moment—and took his arm.

He led her to the door. "Don't let Blanche fret about me," she said, simply, to Arnold as they went by. They passed Sir Patrick next. Once more his sympathy for her set every other consideration at defiance. He started up to bar the way to Geoffrey. Geoffrey paused, and looked at Sir Patrick for the first time.

"The law tells her to go with her husband," he said. "The law forbids you to part Man and Wife."

True. Absolutely, undeniably true. The law sanctioned the sacrifice of her as unanswerably as it had sanctioned the sacrifice of her mother before her. In the name of Morality, let him take her! In the interests of Virtue, let her get out of it if she can!

Her husband opened the door. Mr. Moy laid his hand on Sir Patrick's arm. Lady Lundie, Captain Newenden, the London lawyer, all left their places; influenced, for once, by the same interest; feeling, for once, the same suspense. Arnold followed them, supporting his wife. For one memorable instant Anne looked back at them all. Then she and her husband crossed the threshold. They descended the stairs together. The opening and closing of the house door was heard. They were gone.

Done, in the name of Morality. Done, in the interests of Virtue. Done, in an age of progress, and under the most perfect government on the face of the earth.

FIFTEENTH SCENE.—HOLCHESTER HOUSE.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

THE LAST CHANCE.

"HIS lordship is dangerously ill, Sir. Her ladyship can receive no visitors."

"Be so good as to take that card to Lady Holchester. It is absolutely necessary that your mistress should be made acquainted—in the interests of her younger son—with something which I can only mention to her ladyship herself."

The two persons speaking were Lord Holchester's head servant and Sir Patrick Lundie. At that time barely half an hour had passed since the close of the proceedings at Portland Place.

The servant still hesitated with the card in his hand. "I shall forfeit my situation," he said, "if I do it."

"You will most assuredly forfeit your situation if you *don't* do it," returned Sir Patrick. "I warn you plainly, this is too serious a matter to be trifled with."

The tone in which those words were spoken had its effect. The man went up stairs with his message.

Sir Patrick waited in the hall. Even the momentary delay of entering one of the reception-rooms was more than he could endure at that moment. Anne's happiness was hopelessly sacrificed already. The preservation of her personal safety—which Sir Patrick firmly believed to be in danger—was the one service which it was possible to render to her now. The perilous position in which she stood toward her husband—as an immovable obstacle, while she lived, between Geoffrey and Mrs. Glenarm—was beyond the reach of remedy. But it was still possible to prevent her from becoming the innocent cause of Geoffrey's pecuniary ruin, by standing in the way of a reconciliation between father and son. Resolute to leave no means untried of serving Anne's interests, Sir Patrick had allowed Arnold and Blanche to go to his own residence in London, alone, and had not even waited to say a farewell word to any of the persons who had taken part in the inquiry. "Her life may depend on what I can do for her at Holchester House!" With that conviction in him, he had left Portland Place. With that conviction in him, he had sent his message to Lady Holchester, and was now waiting for the reply.

The servant appeared again on the stairs. Sir Patrick went up to meet him.

"Her ladyship will see you, Sir, for a few minutes."

The door of an upper room was opened; and Sir Patrick found himself in the presence of Geoffrey's mother. There was only time to observe that she possessed the remains of rare personal beauty, and that she received her visitor with a grace and courtesy which implied (under the circumstances) a considerate regard for *his* position at the expense of her own.

"You have something to say to me, Sir Patrick, on the subject of my second son. I am in great affliction. If you bring me bad news, I will do my best to bear it. May I trust to your kindness not to keep me in suspense?"

"It will help me to make my intrusion as little painful as possible to your ladyship," replied Sir Patrick, "if I am permitted to ask a question. Have you heard of any obstacle to the contemplated marriage of Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn and Mrs. Glenarm?"

Even that distant reference to Anne produced an ominous change for the worse in Lady Holchester's manner.

"I have heard of the obstacle to which you allude," she said. "Mrs. Glenarm is an intimate friend of mine. She has informed me that a person named Silvester, an impudent adventuress—"

"I beg your ladyship's pardon. You are doing a cruel wrong to the noblest woman I have ever met with."

"I can not undertake, Sir Patrick, to enter into your reasons for admiring her. Her conduct toward my son has, I repeat, been the conduct of an impudent adventuress."

Those words showed Sir Patrick the utter hopelessness of shaking her prejudice against Anne. He decided on proceeding at once to the disclosure of the truth.

"I entreat you to say no more," he answered. "Your ladyship is speaking of your son's wife."

"My son has married Miss Silvester?"

"Yes."

She turned deadly pale. It appeared, for an instant, as if the shock had completely overwhelmed her. But the mother's weakness was only momentary. The virtuous indignation of the great lady had taken its place before Sir Patrick could speak again. She rose to terminate the interview.

"I presume," she said, "that your errand here is at an end."

Sir Patrick rose, on his side, resolute to do the duty which had brought him to the house.

"I am compelled to trespass on your ladyship's attention for a few minutes more," he answered. "The circumstances attending the marriage of Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn are of no common importance. I beg permission (in the interests of his family) to state, very briefly, what they are."

In a few clear sentences he narrated what had happened, that afternoon, in Portland Place. Lady Holchester listened with the steadiest and coldest attention. So far as outward appearances were concerned, no impression was produced upon her.

"Do you expect me," she asked, "to espouse the interests of a person who has prevented my son from marrying the lady of his choice, and of mine?"

"Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn, unhappily, has that reason for resenting his wife's innocent interference with interests of considerable importance to him," returned Sir Patrick. "I request your ladyship to consider whether it is desirable—in view of your son's conduct in the future—to allow his wife to stand in the doubly perilous relation toward him of being also a cause of estrangement between his father and himself."

He had put it with scrupulous caution. But Lady Holchester understood what he had refrained from saying as well as what he had actually said. She had hitherto remained standing—she now sat down again. There was a visible impression produced on her at last.

"In Lord Holchester's critical state of health," she answered, "I decline to take the responsibility of telling him what you have just told me. My own influence has been uniformly exerted in my son's favor—as long as my interference could be productive of any good result. The time for my interference has passed. Lord Holchester has altered his will this morning. I was not present; and I have not yet been informed of what has been done. Even if I knew—"

"Your ladyship would naturally decline," said Sir Patrick, "to communicate the information to a stranger."

"Certainly. At the same time, after what you have said, I do not feel justified in deciding on this matter entirely by myself. One of Lord Holchester's executors is now in the house. There can be no impropriety in your seeing him—if you wish it. You are at liberty to say, from me, that I leave it entirely to his discretion to decide what ought to be done."

"I gladly accept your ladyship's proposal."

Lady Holchester rang the bell at her side.

"Take Sir Patrick Lundie to Mr. Marchwood," she said to the servant.

Sir Patrick started. The name was familiar to him, as the name of a friend.

"Mr. Marchwood of Hurlbeck?" he asked.

"The same."

With that brief answer, Lady Holchester dismissed her visitor. Following the servant to the other end of the corridor, Sir Patrick was conducted into a small room—the ante-chamber to the bedroom in which Lord Holchester lay. The door of communication was closed. A gentleman sat writing at a table near the window. He rose, and held out his hand, with a look of surprise, when the servant announced Sir Patrick's name. This was Mr. Marchwood.

After the first explanations had been given, Sir Patrick patiently reverted to the object of his visit to Holchester House. On the first occasion when he mentioned Anne's name he observed that Mr. Marchwood became, from that moment, specially interested in what he was saying.

"Do you happen to be acquainted with the lady?" he asked.

"I only know her as the cause of a very strange proceeding, this morning, in that room." He pointed to Lord Holchester's bedroom as he spoke.

"Are you at liberty to mention what the proceeding was?"

"Hardly—even to an old friend like you—unless I felt it a matter of duty, on my part, to state the circumstances. Pray go on with what you were saying to me. You were on the point of telling me what brought you to this house."

Without a word more of preface, Sir Patrick told him the news of Geoffrey's marriage to Anne.

"Married!" cried Mr. Marchwood. "Are you sure of what you say?"

"I am one of the witnesses of the marriage."

"Good Heavens! And Lord Holchester's lawyer has left the house!"

"Can I replace him? Have I, by any chance, justified you in telling me what happened this morning in the next room?"

"Justified me? You have left me no other alternative. The doctors are all agreed in dreading apoplexy—his lordship may die at any moment. In the lawyer's absence, I must take it on myself. Here are the facts. There is the codicil to Lord Holchester's Will which is still unsigned."

"Relating to his second son?"

"Relating to Geoffrey Delamayn, and giving him (when it is once executed) a liberal provision for life."

"What is the object in the way of his executing it?"

"The lady whom you have just mentioned to me."

"Anne Silvester!"

"Anne Silvester—now (as you tell me) Mrs. Geoffrey Delamayn. I can only explain the thing very imperfectly. There are certain painful circumstances associated in his lordship's memory with this lady, or with some member of her family. We can only gather that he did something—in the early part of his professional career—which was strictly within the limits of his duty, but which apparently led to very sad results. Some days since he unfortunately heard (either through Mrs. Glenarm or through Mrs. Julius Delamayn) of Miss Silvester's appearance at Swanhaven Lodge. No remark on the subject escaped him at the time. It was only this morning, when the codicil giving the legacy to Geoffrey was waiting to be executed, that his real feeling in the matter came out. To our astonishment, he refused to sign it. 'Find Anne Silvester' (was the only answer we could get from him); 'and bring her to my bedside. You all say my son is guiltless of injuring her. I am lying on my death-bed. I have serious reasons of my own—I owe it to the memory of the dead—to assure myself of the truth. If Anne Silvester herself acquits him of having wronged her, I will provide for Geoffrey. Not otherwise.' We went the length of reminding him that he might die before Miss Silvester could be found. Our interference had but one result. He desired the lawyer to add a second codicil to the Will—which he executed on the spot. It directs his executors to inquire into the relations that have actually existed between Anne Silvester and his younger son. If we find reason to conclude that Geoffrey has gravely wronged her, we are directed to pay her a legacy—provided that she is a single woman at the time."

"And her marriage violates the provision!" exclaimed Sir Patrick.

"Yes. The codicil actually executed is now worthless. And the other codicil remains unsigned until the lawyer can produce Miss Silvester. He has left the house to apply to Geoffrey at Fulham, as the only means at our disposal of finding the lady. Some hours have passed—and he has not yet returned."

"It is useless to wait for him," said Sir Patrick. "While the lawyer was on his way to Fulham, Lord Holchester's son was on his way to Portland Place. This is even more serious than you suppose. Tell me, what under less pressing circumstances I should have no right to ask. Apart from the unexecuted codicil, what is Geoffrey Delamayn's position in the will?"

"He is not even mentioned in it."

"Have you got the will?"

Mr. Marchwood unlocked a drawer, and took it out.

Sir Patrick instantly rose from his chair. "No waiting for the lawyer!" he repeated, vehemently. "This is a matter of life and death. Lady Holchester bitterly resents her son's marriage. She speaks and feels as a friend of Mrs. Glenarm. Do you think Lord Holchester would take the same view, if he knew of it?"

"It depends entirely on the circumstances."

"Suppose I informed him—as I inform you in confidence—that his son *has* gravely wronged Miss Silvester? And suppose I followed that up by telling him that his son has made atonement by marrying her?"

"After the feeling that he has shown in the matter, I believe he would sign the codicil."

"Then, for God's sake, let me see him!"

"I must speak to the doctor."

"Do it instantly!"

With the will in his hand, Mr. Marchwood advanced to the bedroom door. It was opened from within before he could get to it. The doctor appeared on the threshold. He held up his hand warningly when Mr. Marchwood attempted to speak to him.

"Go to Lady Holchester," he said. "It's all over."

"Dead?"

"Dead."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE question of a revision of the English Bible has been agitated in Great Britain. The Convocation of York declined to join in the work with the Convocation of Canterbury. The latter, however, has resolved to undertake it, and asks the aid of all religious denominations. The Dean of Canterbury desires to include the Jews, so far as the Old Testament is concerned; and every one who has an amendment to propose should send it to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It has been estimated that an adequate revision would change one word in every verse of the New Testament.

Marvels of surgery increase. The following extraordinary story comes from San Juan, Argentine Republic. In San Juan there was an individual—male or female deponent sayeth not—eighteen years old, and the unlucky possessor of two heads, each provided with an expressive countenance, looking in opposite directions, and united at the posterior part of the cranium. One of the scientific European commissioners, traveling through the Argentine Republic, proposed to operate upon the individual, taking away one of the heads. The proposal was accepted, and the operation was successfully performed, without causing the least pain to the patient, notwithstanding that chloroform was not administered, and the operation lasted six minutes. The operation, and the subsequent cure of the parts, is represented as being something marvelous. The head has been preserved in spirits, and will shortly be exhibited in this country. If Barnum's Museum was in existence it would doubtless find an entrance there. Those who enjoy the wonderful will find pleasure in believing this tale, as it comes fresh from South American papers. Some may prefer to hold their opinion in reserve until the head arrives.

Some of the Paris journals have been delighting in a "serious quarrel" said to have taken place between the ex-King and Queen of Naples, prior to her Majesty's departing for Vienna. It now appears that there is no foundation for such a statement. The Queen, in great grief at the loss of her child, was induced to anticipate by several weeks her intended visit to Austria; and the King has since rejoined her Majesty, having been unable to complete sooner his arrangements for leaving Rome. From such simple facts a great scandal was created. Such is the fate of great people, and those of lesser importance do not always escape.

Ems will be crowded this year with crowned heads and princes. The Emperor of Russia, Prince Oscar of Sweden, the Kings of Bavaria and Würtemberg, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and King William of Prussia will all be there in the course of the season.

"I can not afford to die in New York," said a gentleman once; "it would ruin my family to bury me there." What a sermon might be preached from this text on the folly of ultra-fashionable funerals, where *show* is the great object! There is something revolting in the very idea of *display* in connection with death. Sorrow shrinks from publicity; and were it not for the wishes of outside friends, many a grief-stricken family would choose to bury their dead with only the nearest and dearest as mourners. They would not choose to have hired hands decorate the casket or its lifeless occupant for cold eyes to criticise, but would themselves, with loving hands, scatter the sweet flowers, whose every blossom would then mean *love*.

The following story is told by the *Court Journal* of a ballet-dancer who figured in the Russian capital last winter, and who is reputed to be an intelligent woman and the daughter of a Polish count. She received presents by the score from her admirers, among whom was a very wealthy nobleman. He made her acquaintance, and was charmed with her. He offered her a diamond he wore upon his finger for a kiss. She consented, and he gladly gave her the jewel. His suit did not prosper, however, as he had hoped. At the end of a month he presented her with another diamond and received a second salute. At the end of the year he had in this way parted with nearly all his diamonds. Irritated by her stubbornness he sought an interview and upbraided her. "I have no more diamonds to give you," he said. "Then," she replied, "I have no more kisses." "What am I to do? Your heart is made of ice. Give me some word of hope." "I can't do that, but I will give you a word of counsel." "What is it?" "Never buy your first kiss of a woman; if you do, though you were the Czar himself, you would be bankrupt before you reached her heart."

A new cable is to be laid between France and England at a cost of about £100,000.

Mr. Spurgeon lately announced—so say English papers—his intention of delivering a lecture to rich men only; none will be admitted to the Hall except he is worth £40,000. A novel idea, certainly. Will the plate be passed at the close of service?

A German translation of "Edwin Drood" is now being published in a Hamburg journal.

The Beethoven Festival will be the great sensation of next week. There is every prospect that the entertainment will be exceedingly fine. An organ has been built for the occasion, which contains two sets of keys, two and a half octaves of pedals, thirty-one stops, and fifteen hundred pipes. The finest musical societies in the country, and the most noted singers, have been secured to aid in this grand celebration.

The ordinary process of making superfine white flour results in the loss of the most nutritious portion of the wheat. Under the microscope a grain of wheat divides into three principal layers—the hull, or bran proper, which is not nutritious; the gluten, which lies next within the hull, and which is the most nutritious part of the grain; and the starch, from which the ordinary wheat flour is made. Usually the gluten is removed with the bran in the ordinary process. A mode of preparing wheat and other grain for grinding into flour has been invented in Basel, Switzerland, the object of which is to retain in the white flour the nutritive properties which have heretofore been lost by the separation of the bran. This process, invented by Herr E. Weiss, of Switzerland, has been received with favor by scientific and practical men of Europe. It consists simply in moistening the wheat before grinding in a solution of caustic soda in water, 140 pounds of the liquid being required for 2000 pounds of grain. The solution is prepared by dissolving 6⅝ pounds of caustic soda in 133 pounds of water. The steeping, which occupies from fifteen to twenty minutes, can be done in vats similar to those used by brewers. The caustic solution loosens the hull, so that it may be removed by the slightest friction, leaving the gluten with the body of the grain. The flour thus prepared is as white as the present superfine, and contains all the highly nutritive properties of the Graham and bran breads.

If a friend should inquire if you knew who was the author of the familiar quotation, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," you would, for the instant, be certain that you did, but an attempt to recall the name would puzzle you. So of the line so often quoted, "Consistency, thou art a jewel." All attempts to ascertain the authors of these quotations have failed.

At the late grand opening of costly fabrics at the store of A. T. Stewart, a magnificent specimen of Gobelin tapestry was displayed, which was manufactured in Paris, and is valued at $10,000. It represented a view of the harbor of Marseilles, and is a wonderful piece of workmanship. It requires the labor of a single person for one year to produce a single square yard of the tapestry, and it is always worked from the back-ground, while the front is covered. Each tint is formed from single threads, and the covering is only removed in places to determine the proper blending of colors.

When will the time come for woman to have the right to exercise good taste in the matters of dress in spite of fashion? Some say she might do it now, if she would; but in truth the majority of men desire their own wives, daughters, and sisters to conform to the prevailing style. They may make fun of some hideous fashion *in the abstract*, but for all that few of them would be pleased to escort a lady to an evening party who had chosen to dress merely sensibly, but without regard to fashion. The sad truth is, that we are all slaves to that imperious Madame Fashion. Even the most sensible scarcely do more than modify the extravagances of the prevailing style. In the progress of ages the time may come when every one will have a fashionable right to adopt certain *individualities* of costume. The idea that the same style of toilet, or the same mode of dressing the hair, is sufficiently becoming to be adopted by all ladies is simply absurd. If the popular taste were not warped we should occasionally see *heads* now, instead of masses of hair. The form of the head is often a peculiar mark of beauty, and is always indicative of a characteristic individuality which is pleasing. This is entirely lost in the present style of hair-dressing. However, the probability is that the masses of artificial hair worn will so weaken the natural growth that women ere long will be compelled to cut their hair short in order to save a remnant. Therefore we may hope some time to see the natural shape of the head.

A placard having been put up at the Edinburgh College gate by the official who writes out such notices, reminding students that if they appeared at the funeral of Professor Simpson they should do so "in mourning," they felt insulted by such an instruction being specially addressed to their class, and therefore added to the placard, "Professors may attend in reefing jackets."

The French Countess De Begorien, under thirty years of age, has perfectly white hair. This was the sudden effect of grief and anxiety while watching one night by the bedside of her dying child.

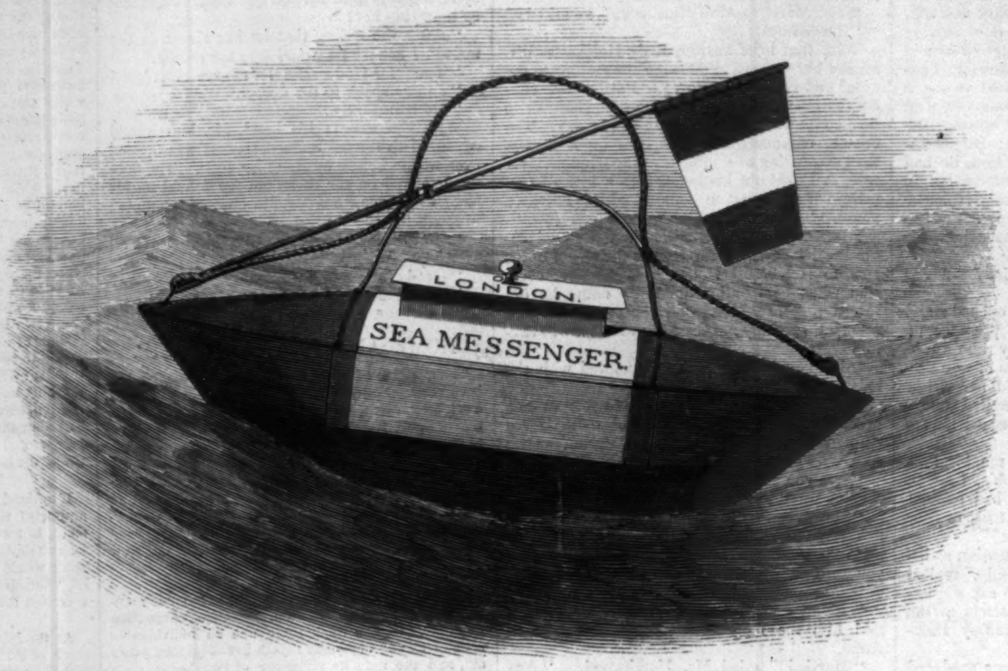
A curious "ice match" recently took place near San Francisco, to test the relative virtues of two specimens of ice, one from Little Grass Valley, and the other from Summit. Both blocks, weighing each 131 pounds, were placed in the sun, with even chances, the mercury marking 90 degrees in the shade. "The Summit chunk," says the report, "was broad and rather flat, while the Grass Valley specimen was longer, and sat on one end." Toward noon, as the match became hot, and streams of water trickled down the faces of the antagonists, "there was great excitement among the friends of the respective chunks," and bets ranged from $2 50 to $100. The Summit chunk began to have the best of it. Grass Valley showed deep furrows, while Summit took the matter coolly, and seemed confident of victory. About the middle of the afternoon the friends of Grass Valley gave up, and went to betting on how long Summit would last. It grew dark before the cake was melted, and the match against time had to be continued by the light of lanterns. Summit beat Grass Valley 4 hours and 55 minutes. About $1500 changing hands on the result.

It is authoritatively stated that the French Empress has expressed her intention to offer in competition to the female artists of all nations a prize of one thousand francs for the best fan, painted or carved, by a lady under twenty-five years of age. The fans are to be shown at the International Exhibition next year.

Rome has a new sensation in a theatrical production entitled "The Assassin Traupmann, or the Crime of Pantin." The piece appeared simultaneously at two theatres, and excited so much interest that tickets were at an enormous premium. The government, however, interfered after the second representation, and prohibited the repetition of the exciting tragedy.

There may be a certain attraction to some people in seeing and hearing a child of two years and ten months perform in public upon a miniature violin—an exhibition which took place not long ago in this city. But to a thoughtful person there is something very painful in the unnatural pressure to which such infant prodigies must be subjected.

THE "SEA MESSENGER."

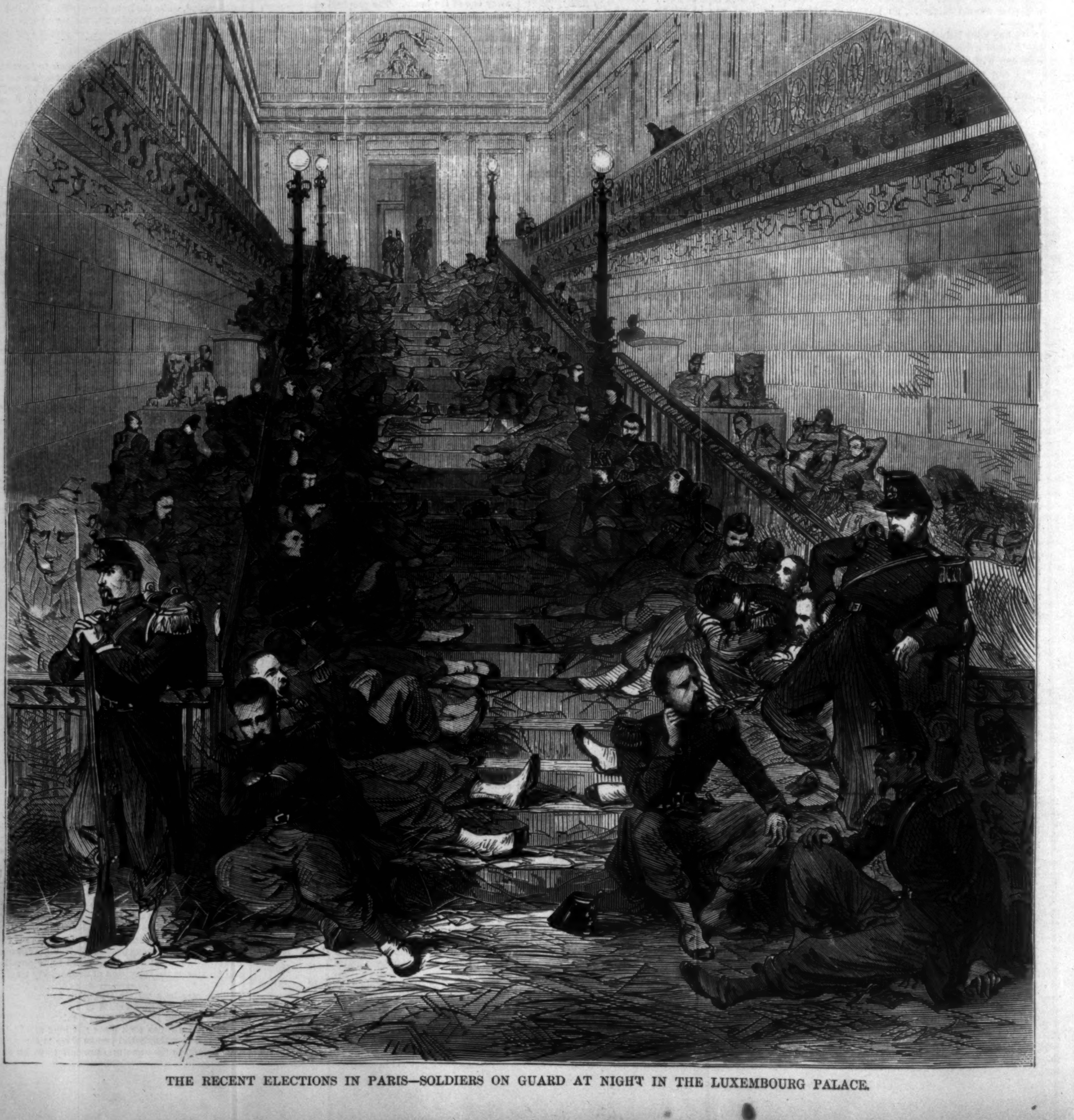


THE "SEA MESSENGER."

The little torpedo-like vessel, of which we give an illustration on this page, was invented recently by an Englishman, and is designed to be freighted with letters and papers belonging to a ship in danger of foundering at sea, or in any danger of being wrecked. It will, in such a case, serve as the best vehicle for the preservation of records and important documents, and in all probability for their conveyance, by favoring winds and tides, to some near or distant shore. It is certainly much better than the ordinary glass bottle, which may be fractured by any floating spar or fragment of wreck, or may be dashed to pieces by the wave casting it upon a rocky coast. The late cruel attempt to hoax the public with a forged message from the unfortunate *City of Boston* suggests another reason for the employment of a special floating conveyance for this purpose. If the *City of Boston*, or any ship that is missing, were known to be furnished with several of these contrivances, nobody could be deceived for a moment by the trick of putting a written scrap of paper into a bottle, and casting it into the sea with an inflowing tide. The water-tight and air-tight metallic hull of the "Sea Messenger," with its extreme buoyancy, will ride in safety through the most violent storms, and it has capacity to hold not only the ship s papers, records of the voyage, lists of the passengers and crew, and a brief report of the disaster, specifying the latitude and longitude and time of its occurrence, but letters from those on board to their friends, wills, or draughts for money, or bills of exchange, or any other papers affecting their private interests. In case of a steamer being merely disabled, and drifting helplessly away, the "Sea Messenger," if thrown out and soon picked up by another ship, would perhaps direct assistance to proceed along the track where it was required. A vessel on a reef of rocks, or entangled and land-locked, not far from shore, might even be able to send, by this diminutive tender, a line of light cord to the people on land, who could then help the distressed crew with a rope. Other uses of this contrivance will become obvious with its more frequent trial in practice at sea.

SOLDIERS IN THE LUXEMBOURG.

During the vote on the *plebiscite* Paris was crowded with troops, in anticipation of popular disturbances, which the government was ready to suppress at a moment's notice, and at any cost of life. The illustration below represents the guard on the grand staircase of the Luxembourg Palace, where they passed the night of the Sunday on which the vote was taken. Events showed the wisdom of these precautions. Every attempt to bring about a popular demonstration was effectually put down without loss of time. The bar-



THE RECENT ELECTIONS IN PARIS—SOLDIERS ON GUARD AT NIGHT IN THE LUXEMBOURG PALACE.

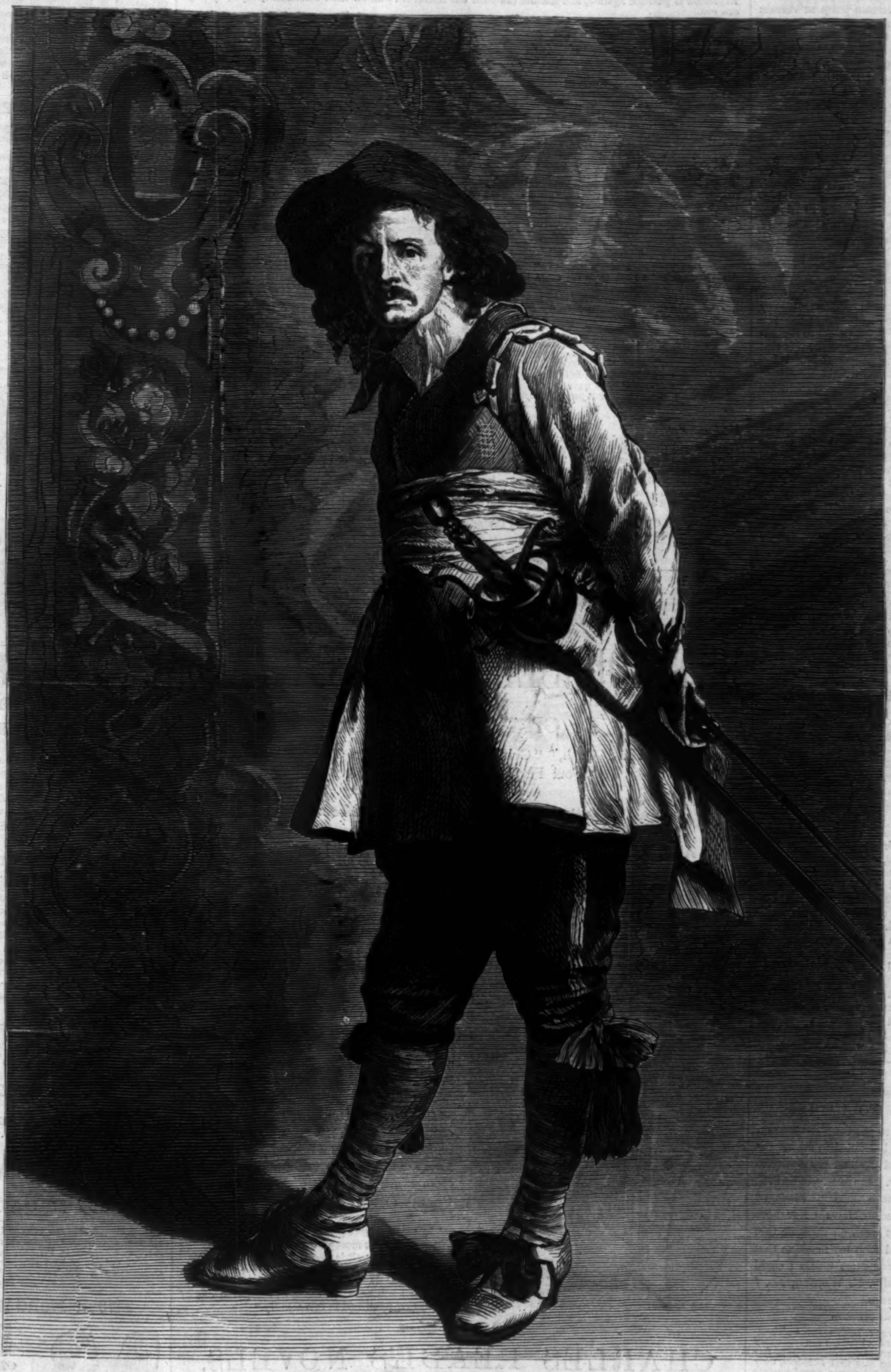
ricades were ludicrous failures. Whenever a cart or carriage came in the way the horses were coolly unharnessed by the mob, and the vehicles wheeled into the middle of the road and upset, paving-stones were torn up and piled in a heap between them, and building materials, and, in fact, any kind of rubbish, thrown on the top. Then, as soon as the cocked hat of a *sergent de ville* was perceived in the distance, the mob scampered off at full speed down the side streets, those who were unfamiliar with the quarter being usually the ones who were captured. Quite as much to this unusual display of the "better part of valor" by the populace as to the prudence of the military authorities, the Parisians were indebted for the tranquillity of their city during the election.

WHO GOES THERE?

The picture from which the engraving on this page is taken is considered one of the finest of Meissonier's recent works. The chief characteristic of this popular artist—whose works are so eagerly sought after in Europe that it is rare to meet with them in this country—is his exquisite finish; and perhaps it is this quality quite as much as any other which causes his pictures to meet with such universal appreciation. His admirers are to be found all over the world, and extraordinary prices are realized even for his smallest and most trifling works.

Meissonier was born in the French city of Lyons in 1815. At a very early age he determined to become an artist, and pursued his studies in Paris. His first pictures, exhibited in 1836, were "The Chess-Players" and "The Little Messenger," which attracted great attention by their delicacy and finish, as well as by the spirit and action with which the artist invested his miniature figures. Since that time he has devoted himself almost exclusively to small *genre* pictures, the subjects of which are generally similar to those selected by the Dutch and Flemish painters. Several of his works have found their way to this country, and have been exhibited in New York and other cities.

The picture which we have engraved is one of those artistic conceptions which leave a very wide field for the exercise of the spectator's fancy. We may weave twenty different stories about this gayly dressed but discomposed gentleman. To our fancy he came forth on no warlike or hostile errand—nay, we think that just before the instant chosen by the artist the idea of danger or of a possible foe was not more present to his mind than it was to the mind of any gentleman engaged in courtly or amorous intrigues at an epoch when the rude logic of sword, pistol, and dagger was oftener used than it is at present. For, observe, his right hand has not had time to reach his sword, and his left hand still grasps a peaceful instrument, his riding cane. Yet evidently he scents danger, and not the danger of fair and open combat with an honorable foe. Rather, we should suppose, he hears the stealthy footfall of a possible assassin, or sees the tapestry quivering suspiciously as though a hidden figure were behind it. Let us hope that he will not imitate the rashness of the Prince of Denmark, cry "A rat! a rat!" thrust his trusty sword through the arras, and slay perchance some harmless eavesdropper.



"WHO GOES THERE?"—[From a Painting by Meissonier.]

EXTINGUISHED BELIEFS.

"My friend Sir Roger is often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry."

On the occasion of this pleasantry the *Spectator* spent a month with the worthy knight at his country seat in Worcestershire, and there were grounds for the host's whimsical complaint that his ducks and geese had more of his guest's company than he himself had. And why was this? We get the answer from Addison in his proper person. He was "infinitely delighted," he tells us, "with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life." And he says further: "As my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I can not forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation."

Humph! There is something to think about in that. What *was* said in the natural history books whose leaves the philosopher fingered? What *were* the facts that had fallen under his own grave eyes? He had not seen Goldsmith's "Animated Nature." The gentle author of that delicious piece of unreal reality was not born when the hands of the equally gentle Clio had become cold and rigid, and were prevented by death from holding even the most cherished volume in their grasp again. But he had read of the giraffe, an Asian beast; and of the hyena, a subtle ravenous beast; and of the sea-devil, a strange monster on the coasts of America; and of the aposta, a creature in America, so great a lover of men that it follows them, and delights to gaze upon them. He had read, too, of the crane, a fowl in America of a hideous form, having a bag under the neck which will contain two gallons of water; and of the yandeu, the great ostridge in the island of Maraguana, a fowl that exceeds the stature of a man; and of hags, a kind of fiery meteor which appears on men's hair, or on the manes of horses; and of the javaris, a swine in America, which has its stomach on its back! Every body read of these things in Addison's time. They were in all the dictionaries, Bailey's among them. And as for comparing these rare birds and beasts with what Addison had himself observed—listen. One of the soberest papers of the *Spectator* tells us that gentlemen birds "determine their courtship by the single grain or tincture of a feather:" that each intending bridegroom, as is repeated in verse,

> "Cautious, with a searching eye, explores
> The female tribes, his proper mate to find
> With kindred colors mark'd!"

Just, we suppose, as shopping ladies match silks, and wools, and ribbons, rejecting all that vary by the shadow of a shade! So Locke (there is no mistake, it is veritably Locke of the Human Understanding) speaks acceptingly of what is "confidently reported of mermaids or sea-men." He refuses, modestly, to run his rapier through the whole notion, and whisk it off, exploded. He rather relished it. Perhaps he and Addison both gloried in the conception of vast oceanic nations, consisting of merwomen and mermen (with whom there must have been, of course, shoals of tender little water-babies), among whom there would have been employment for the saw-fish they both believed in, described as a sea-fish having a sharp-toothed bone, like a saw, in his forehead, about three feet long.

To sail off Westward-ho was something in the days of Locke, and Addison, and Bailey; was something, too, in the days of Charles the First and the Covenanters. On the voyage it was expected that there would be seen flitting, magically, St. Hermes's fire—a sort of meteor appearing in the night on the shrouds of ships. In the case of the ship losing her course, she might be blown far southward, and get to mystic Magellanick Straits—a famous narrow sea—and her passengers might look out wonderingly (and perhaps *not* find) Magellan's Clouds—two small clouds not far distant from the south pole. And if unfavorable weather came, and the passage were long delayed, it is hard to say what miseries would have to be endured. The wretched people might have to devour dog, cat, shoes, and—by lot, and slowly—fellow-passengers; and then have to subsist "on a miserable allowance per diem cut from a pair of leather breeches found in the cabin, reinforced with the grass which grew plentifully upon the deck!"

Well, Columbia being hailed, the eyes of two centuries ago expected to open to sights to which they were utterly unused. Scuttling about, we may suppose, quickly, and in mighty fear, was to be found the agouty, a little American beast, like a rabbit. Animating the air, was the flying tiger, an insect in America, spotted like the tiger. More in the fastnesses was the cerigon, a wild beast in America, having a skin under it like a sack, in which it carried its young ones; was, likewise, the tatous, an American wild beast, covered with scales like armor; was the blowing snake, a sort of viper, in Virginia, which blew and swelled its head very much before it gave the bite; was, also, possibly (though its country is not specified), the ejulator, a wild beast, called a crier, which made a noise like the crying of a young child. Truly, truly, ignorance *is* bliss, and it is folly to be wise!

CORAL FISHING.

Coral is met with in a large number of seas, mostly within short distances of the shore. The Mediterranean is the busiest of all seas for this kind of fishing. Perhaps the shores of the Mediterranean are thus the busiest because they have been longest known to civilized nations; but be this as it may, the coasts of Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, Algiers, Majorca, Minorca, Dalmatia, and Rhodes are especially rich in this product.

The fishery is conducted under certain well-defined conditions. The boats, with ten to twenty men each, sail from certain ports at certain seasons, and remain for many months near the spot where the coral is to be fished up. The men are provided by the owner with food, clothing, and all necessaries, together with a certain amount of money-wages per month. Part of this money is paid beforehand to the family of the fisher or sailor, to support them on shore while he is away. In many cases (perhaps most) the sovereign or government of the adjacent land claims and receives a payment in the form of toll or royalty, for permitting the fishery to be carried on. The mode of fishing depends of course on the manner in which the substance is distributed. The coral is met with, not exactly on the sea bottom, but usually on the sloping sides of submarine rocks, where it presents itself as a sort of shrub, seldom more than half a yard high. It always selects a firm rocky bed to cling to, not sand or mud. The fishery arrangements are planned accordingly. In the Sicilian mode of fishing, which is pretty generally observed every where, the actual loosening or tearing is effected by means of two pieces of wood, crossed at the centre, and having a piece of net fastened to the under side of their extremities. A long cord is tied round the middle of the instrument, to hold it by, and an attached stone gives it weight enough to sink. The fisherman, holding the cord in his hand, guides the instrument to the proper spots, entangles the branches of coral in the meshes of the net, and gives a smart pull. The trunk or principal stem attaches itself so closely to the rock that considerable force is required to loosen it; but the smaller branches snap off more easily.

The fisher then has got his coral up to the surface. He sells it as quickly as possible; for it forms no part of his trade to work it up into ornaments and trinkets. As to the price, it is scarcely possible to name an average. Some rough pieces would not bring a shilling a pound, while small choice bits would find eager purchasers at two or three times their weight in pure gold. This diversity of character results from the varying circumstances which affect the formation of the coral. When a branch of coral —living coral, as it may perhaps be correctly called—is torn from its submarine bed, and brought up to the surface, it presents a kind of bark, spotted with little tubercles or warts, and covered with a thick adhesive humor. The tubercles are the cells which contain, or have contained, the industrious zoophytes. The adhesive humor is the material from which the bark or skin is formed; and this bark, when solidified by age, hardens into a stony core of coral. The extremities of each branching shrub are small and tender, and contain little of the interior substance for which the coral is almost exclusively valued.

LOVELINESS RESTORED.

Why should faultless features be clouded with freckles, blotches, pimples, cold sores, or any species of eruption, when Stafford's Iron and Sulphur Powders will remove the blemish? External applications are not only useless, but dangerous. The cause of all these discolorations, etc., is in the blood. It lacks iron to give it vitality, and the action of sulphur to neutralize the acrid secretions. The Powders, taken night and morning, will soon communicate a course through the superficial vessels, a glowing ruby stream, giving to the skin a delicate tinge of rose, and literally extinguishing the stains and excrescences referred to.

Sold by druggists. 1 Package, 12 Powders, $1; 3 Packages, $2 50. Mailed free. Money sent at our risk.—Hall & Ruckel, 218 Greenwich Street, N.Y.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

"I had long desired to possess a sewing machine, and tried several, but failed to master the intricate mechanism, and doubted my ability to ever operate successfully. Since I have had the Grover & Baker I have done all kinds of work on different materials, have never been troubled to make perfect work on thick or thin goods, and am so pleased with my machine that I would not sell it for any price unless I could get another like it."—Mrs. E. Wilder, No. 7 Washington Street, Chicago.

Vast Quantities of Ivory Destroyed.—Thousands of teeth that might last a lifetime are lost every year, simply because the parties concerned either forget or do not appreciate the fact that *Sozodont*, duly applied, renders the dental substance proof against decay.—[*Com.*]

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For Comedones, Black-Worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions, and Blotched Disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Depot, 49 Bond Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

For Moth Patches, Freckles, & Tan,

Use "Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion." The only reliable and harmless remedy known to science. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists every where.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL.

THE BEST AND SAFEST ILLUMINATING OIL.

Few people understand the dangerous character of Kerosene; the most careful are not safe, while the careless are constantly exposing themselves and others to danger. Statistics show *that more deaths result each year from Kerosene Oil than from steamboat and railroad accidents combined.* Will you, then, continue to endanger your own lives and your children's by using such oil?

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL

Is intended to supply the want for a *perfectly safe and reliable illuminating oil* for family use, free not only from the danger of explosion, but from the danger of the fluid igniting should the lighted lamp become upset.

What it is.—Astral Oil is a derivative of petroleum, produced by a new and improved process of manufacture, which gives it all the good without any of the objectionable qualities of ordinary refined kerosene. Explosion is guarded against, and families can burn our Astral Oil *with the same assurance of safety as they can gas.*

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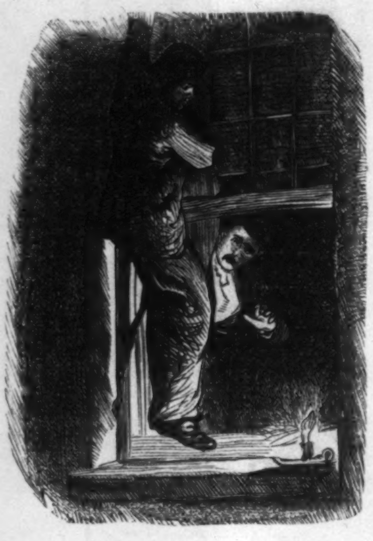

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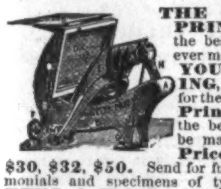

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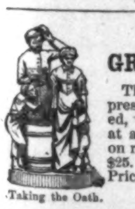

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